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MY LOST SELF.

BY I. D. K.

You wonder why my eyes are dim with tears.
Then, shall I tell you? Long and long ago—
So long ago! years piled on weary years—
There was a little child I used to know.

And every day and night and every hour
We took life's gift together, sun and shade,
And saw the rainbow shining through the shower,
And heard the talk that building robins made.

We thought the world was ours to come and go
About its highways, finding treasures rare;
We thought all heaven was ours, and fashioned so
Grand castle after castle high in air!

Ah! now I find the world a desert wild;
No room in all the sky for tower of mine,
But most of all I miss my comrade child,
Her brave true courage and her faith divine.

Dead? Changed? I know not, sweet; I only know
That sometimes from the mirror's shining space,
In my own features, worn and faded so,
I catch a glimmer of the bright lost face.

You will no longer wonder that I weep,
My little girl with eyes so grave and clear;
Whatever treasure we may hold or keep,
To lose one's happy self is saddest, dear!

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MISS DUNDAS, I am waiting; I have been waiting patiently for five minutes now. Will you be kind enough to conjugate for me the German verb singen, to sing?"

"Laurie, do attend," said another voice in my ear; and then I woke to stern realities.

I had been watching a thrush which was perched on a bough of the late black-thorn at the end of the garden.

The June roses were all in bloom, and the scent of the syringa and clove carnation filled the air.

One would have thought that no bird who could soar and sing could possibly be anything but wildly happy on a morning like this.

Yet the thrush did not seem to be so.

Another bird perched on the same bough; the thrush resented it.

There were a few sharp cries, a rustling of wings, and then the stranger, evidently much ruffled and distressed flew away.

Delighted with his victory, the thrush poured out a song so thrilling, so sweet; that I was entranced.

I was supposed to be attending that—to me—greatest of all abominations, a German grammar class.

I need hardly say that my place was the last—close to the great bay-window which looked over the grand old-fashioned garden of Pentarn House; and I, who loved trees birds and flowers with my whole heart, never wished for another. Miss Pentarn said I had no ambition.

I know my greatest delight was to see the lilac and the laburnum in flower, and watch the roses in bloom.

"The verb singen, to sing, if you please, Miss Dundas," repeated my governess in a calm cold voice.

How could I give my thoughts to those horrible German verbs while the green-boughs rustled so delightfully, the sun shone, and the birds sang so sweetly? My heart was with them. Again the thin cold voice broke in—

"I am waiting your pleasure, Miss Dundas."

"I beg your pardon," I said, ashamed of my want of attention. "Please excuse me, Miss Pentarn."

"I have always said, sister, that the window should be obscured, or at least that a thick white curtain should be drawn over it.

"Miss Dundas invariably forgets herself when she stands near it."

The voice was still hard and cold. It was that of Miss Thamar Pentarn, the younger sister, but most decidedly in everything mistress and ruler at Pentarn House.

"I am very sorry Miss Pentarn," I said; and with some difficulty I found my way through the moods and tenses of the German verb.

But, ah me, what hard work it was! How I longed to be away from that warm room, out in the shade of the rustling boughs, away with the bees and the birds, the butterflies and the flowers—away on the firm yellow sands, where the waves rolled in fresh and bright—away in the green cool woods, where the blue-bells grew in clusters—away on the green banks of the swift-running river, fringed with pale forget-me-nots—anywhere!—for I was tired of school, and I longed for freedom with my whole heart.

I stumbled through the verb singen, to sing; but, as Miss Pentarn said, I did no credit to the teaching of the German governess, good Fraulein Keller.

Then, to my infinite relief, it was noon, and the class was dismissed.

"Laurie," said my favorite friend and the general sharer of all my joys and sorrows—"Laurie, you should be more attentive."

"I am tired of being attentive. I am tired of lessons and school and everything else.

"I am tired of myself, Edith."

"That is nonsense.

"The more quickly you learn, the sooner you will leave school."

I cried out with all the ignorance and arrogance of seventeen——

"I am quite sure that I know enough, Edith.

"I should not need to remain here another day, but that I am unlike other girls. I have no home, no friends, no relatives. Except that I am called Laurie Dundas, I know nothing of myself," and I turned away in bitterness of heart.

This was the dark cloud that shut out from me the simple, happy heaven of other girls.

This was the one sorrow that haunted me, that saddened me.

I knew nothing of myself.

Who was Laurie Dundas?

To whom did she belong?

Who loved or cared for her?

These were the questions that I asked myself daily and hourly.

"I knew what you were doing during the German class, Laurie," continued Edith. "You were watching the thrush. Let us go down into the garden and look after it."

But the thrush, the garden, the sunlight and flowers had for a time lost their charm, and Edith saw it.

"I wonder if there is another girl in the whole wide world who does not know who she is and to whom she belongs?" I said, as we left the class-room and sought the beautiful garden where grew all sweet old-fashioned flowers.

"You will know all about it some day," rejoined Edith.

"In the meantime, as we have agreed over and over again, Laurie, it is not worth while to give yourself half an hour of unhappiness because of the uncertainty of your future.

"You must look well at all circumstances that surround you before you pronounce yourself to be ill-used.

"You have no home except this—no friends except the Misses Pentarn and your schoolfellows.

"You are tired of class, of lessons—in fact of constraint.

"That is one side of the question. On the other are your advantages.

"You are beautiful, you are clever and bright, you must have plenty of money or you would not be here; are highly gifted—you sing sweetly and clearly, you can sketch and paint.

"I should make you vain if I enumerated your talents."

"I would give all to be loved," I said sadly.

"You will be loved some day," laughed Edith.

"Now come under the trees. I love the rustle of those green boughs."

I threw care to the winds.

We sat down on the long thick grass, and watched the myriad living things around us—the busy bees, the bright-winged butterflies, the happy birds.

"Everything is free," I sighed, "except ourselves; and I value freedom above all other gifts."

"You will be free some day," said Edith, who was always cheerful and consolatory.

"I wish the time were come," I cried "Why need I go on studying, repeating these wretched verbs, until my head and heart ache with them?

"I can read Goethe and Heine in the original."

"It is the rule of the school," put in Edith gently.

"Ah, happy birds that know no rules, happy flowers that grow without them, happy butterflies that know no constraint! I am too old for school, Edith.

"I long to be away. Do you smell that delicious scent of clover borne by the wind?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "of clover and new-mown hay.

"But the hay is the sweeter."

"Think how gloriously free the wind is that brings it to us—how it dances over the meadows, catching up all sweet scents and odors—how it speeds over the rivers—how it tosses the great green boughs!'

"And, finally, flings the syringa-leaves into our faces," added Edith, just as the summer breeze brought the fragrance to us. "School is bad enough, Laurie—I admit that; but what would it be without a garden?"

I would not even think of it.

That garden had been my only consolation since I entered the school, a tiny trembling child only just four years of age, my heart sore with the consciousness that I had been reft from one whom I loved very much; but I could never remember who it was; and from that time to this I had always felt that I was quite unlike other children, different from them, apart from them.

They had parents, sisters, brothers, friends—I was alone. "Lonely little Laurie" I called myself, for who in the wide world cared for me?

"Miss Pentarn might let me read more, and give up those tiresome classes," I said suddenly.

"You know, Edith, I could take the head of them at any time but the one who stands lowest has such a beautiful view of this lovely garden."

"You do not care for winning the prizes?" asked Edith.

"Why should I? There is no one who would be pleased and kiss me, no one who would share my pleasure. No, I do not care for prizes."

"It seems to me, Laurie, that you are growing morbid," observed Edith.

"No, not morbid—only desperate," I replied.

"And, if something does not happen, I shall do some desperate deed."

"But," asked my companion curiously, "what has come over you so suddenly, Laurie?"

"Nothing suddenly. For two years my heart has been eating itself away, but I have not spoken of it. I cannot always be a schoolgirl and a child.

"I am seventeen; I long to try my wings and fly."

"Something must have given you a sudden impulse," remarked Edith.

"I met with a novel the other day," I answered.

"Miss Pentarn never allowed any in school but I happened to find this one.

"It is called *Lady-bird*, and it is written by Lady Fullerton.

"It awoke a hundred wishes and hopes and fears in my heart.

"I want to love and to suffer; I want to live and enjoy.

"I would rather be miserable and live out in the world, where I can see all the drama of life, than be here.

"Oh, Edith, what shall I do, what will become of me if I have to remain here always—if no one ever comes to take me away?"

Burying my face in the long green grass, I sobbed bitterly.

What should I do if no one ever came to take me away from school?

Edith sat watching me, and from the expression of her face I knew that she understood.

I had gone from her, and was crossing the brook where womanhood and childhood meet.

She still stood on the brink.

* * * * * * *

Until that day, when the clear sweet song of the thrush filled my heart with rapture that was afterwards keenest pain, my life had been a perfect blank.

I remembered only that one glorious morning I found myself in the lovely sunshiny garden that I had loved ever since, a small helpless child, my heart aching with the sense of some terrible loss, yet without the faintest idea of what it could be—a little child full of solemn wonder at the blue sky and the fair green earth; full of wonder, too, at the old worn faces of the Misses Pentarn, who were both with me, trying to make me feel at home.

They showed me the flowers yet in bud and those in bloom, telling me all the swe old-fashioned names; they pointed out t birds to me—above all the rooks cawing the elm-trees; and to my childish fancy seemed always as though these rooks we the wisest of all birds, and knew all my story, when I first went into that garde thirteen years ago.

I remembered, too, learning my o name.

Why I was called Laurie Dundas I not know.

When I grew older, I wondered if th were other Dundases, or whether I was th only person so named in the world.

Every one was very kind to me, every one loved and caressed me; but beyond Pentarn House the whole world was a blank.

It was some years before I began to realize the difference between myself and other children.

It seemed so strange to me when I heard other little ones talking of "mamma."

With wandering eyes they would ask me "Where is your mamma, Laurie?" Ah me, where was she?

No mother's arms ever sheltered my baby-form, no mother's kiss ever soothed me to rest.

"You have such beautiful things, Laurie," they would say, examining my laces and dresses; "but where is your mamma?"

Oh, desolate childish heart without a mother!

Can there be words more dreary than these?

The only representatives of a mother to me were the Misses Pentarn.

The other children talked of fathers who loved them very dearly, of brothers whose mischievous actions were a source of endless merriment, of their fair-haired sisters. But I was all alone.

At first I, as a child thought little of my loneliness, but afterwards my wonder grew.

"I cannot remember anything before I came here and went out into the garden with Miss Pentarn," I would say.

"And yet," my school-friends would reply, with profound philosophy, "you must have come from somewhere."

We discussed the question.

All the other children had father, mother, a home; most had sisters and brothers, friends who came to see them, relatives who make presents, aunts, uncles, and cousins.

I alone had none.

"Laurie, you must be an orphan" said Amy Holdich to me one day, when we had weighed all other possibilities.

That seemed to be the real solution of the mystery.

So we settled it—I was an orphan with plenty of money.

Every one agreed that I must have plenty of money—my dresses were so good, I had abundance of pocket-money, and I could buy what I liked, make what presents I would.

For some time that decision was a source of great comfort to me.

It seemed to give me a settled position until Emelia Cayne came to school, an orphan, dressed in deep crape.

Her father had died in India, and her mother afterwards of a broken heart.

We were very friendly and intimate, both being orphans.

But very soon I discovered that there was a great difference between us.

Relatives were always coming to see Emelia, were always sending her presents; she knew the names of her dead father and mother, where they had lived, and all about them.

She had a brother at Sandhurst, and a guardian who came to visit her, while, I had none of these.

The time came when, roused to desperation by the curiosity of the other girls and by my own thoughts, I boldly sought Miss Pentarn, who was kinder and more gentle than her sister, Miss Thamer.

"Miss Pentarn," I said, "if you are not engaged, will you let me talk with you for a few minutes?"

It struck me that an expression of surprise and anxiety passed over her face, and that she would have given something to escape the interview; but she smiled and said——

"Yes, Laurie; we will go out into the garden and have our talk there."

She took my hand in hers, and we walked for some minutes in silence between the rows of sweet pease all in flower.

Now that the time was come, I found it difficult to break the spell of silence and mystery that had hung over me so long.

"You want to speak to me, Laurie?" said Miss Pentarn inquiringly.

Then, with the recklessness that afterwards distinguished me, I looked into her face and said——

"Miss Pentarn, will you tell me who I am?"

If I had fired a pistol before her face, she could not have looked more astonished.

"Who you are, Laurie? What do you ean?"

'I cannot express myself quite as I wish," a my dignified reply.

"It is all clear to my own mind; but I ar I cannot make it so clear to the minds others.

'My great desire is to know who I am. ere are my father and mother? Where I born?

Vhere is my home?

ave I any friends?

ho brought me here and gave me to

'ou are very kind to me," I added, sing her hand gratefully, "but I do not ng to you.

here did I come from? Whither shall when my school-days are ended? live here all my life?"

p!" cried Miss Pentarn. "Who has utting all this nonsense into your Laurie?"

ona," I answered.

came unbidden. I could not help

"The girls all thought that I was an orphan; but I do not now think I am one."

"The girls ought to be ashamed of discussing such things," declared Miss Pentarn.

"It is no business of theirs."

"No; but it is business of mine," I answered.

"You see, Miss Pentarn, while I was little I did not think much of it; now every day it becomes more and more important to me.

"I feel insignificant when I hear the others talk of their homes, parents, and friends.

"Why have I no home?"

"Poor child!" said she kindly. "I did not know that you felt all this. I wish you had spoken to me before. It is but natural I suppose."

She laid her hand upon my head and caressed the short dark curls of which I was so proud.

Surely I heard her say something about the 'sins of the fathers'!

A warm drop fell upon my face—and that was the only time I ever saw Miss Pentarn shed a tear.

My heart began to beat fast.

Surely she was going to tell me—I should know something of my mysterious self.

It was just possible that I might hear about my mother.

What wild sweet thoughts came to me! A little cry of rapture burst from my lips; but Miss Pentarn's face grew more sad and wistful.

"My dear Laurie," she said, "I wish you had not begun to think of these things yet.

"You are very happy with us, are you not?"

"Yes, very happy; but I long to be like other girls and have people of my own," I replied.

"I have heard you so often say that you dislike mystery, you tell the girls to be perfectly frank and outspoken with you, yet I am a living mystery."

"No, Laurie, not quite that, my dear. I will be perfectly plain with you. I know your whole story—your history—who you are, and all about you; but I cannot impart it to you.

"I am pledged to secrecy; I cannot break my pledge."

Blank disappointment came over me. My eyes grew hot and dim with bitter tears, my lips trembled with sobs.

"You are cruel to me," I cried; "you know, and you will not tell me."

"I would tell you if I might," she replied.

"Oh, Laurie, do not cry so bitterly! Trust to time."

"I long to know if I have a mother, a home like other girls.

"Surely I cannot be quite alone on the face of the earth!"

"Trust to time," she repeated. "Try to be happy and content, Laurie."

"Will you tell me one thing?" I said. "Are my father and mother living or dead? Tell me that."

She was silent for some minutes; and then she answered—

"I have never heard of the death of either, Laurie.

"You must ask me no more."

Then they were living, these parents whom I had never known, never seen—living!

A flood of happiness filled my heart. Oh, was the beautiful sun that shone on me shining on them—my father and mother—whom some day, perhaps not far distant, I might see?

"I will tell you thus much," continued Miss Pentarn.

"You were entrusted to us, and we were told your history.

"We were pledged to silence and the silence is to last until those who gave you into our care absolve us from it."

"When will that be?" I asked.

It seemed to me as though I were surrounded by the walls of a prison from which I could not escape.

"I cannot tell you, Laurie. You have been very happy; try to be so still. You have much to learn; you have to complete what I guaranteed should be a really excellent education.

"Try to fill your mind with thoughts of study; fit yourself to be anything; and, my dear, do not talk to the girls about yourself at all.

"They know nothing of you. Why should they discuss your affairs? They will fill your mind with nonsensical thoughts and do you infinite harm."

So our conversation ended, and all that I gained from this interview with my governess was the knowledge that my parents lived, and that there was a mystery about me unshared by any except the Misses Pentarn.

CHAPTER II.

THE Misses Pentarn had given their own name to our school, which was situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Kensington—not in old Kensington, where stately trees still flourished.

It was a grand old mansion, and they had been very fortunate to secure it.

They could have had no better advertisement; and, to tell the truth, Pentarn House was an excellent home.

It was open exclusively to the "daughters of the nobility and gentry"—"country families," as Miss Thamar Pentarn would say.

I was shrewd enough, as time passed on, to draw one inference from this well-known fact about Pentarn House.

My father and mother must be aristocratic or they must belong to country families. We had many aristocratic names amongst us—names found in the pages of history and known all over the land. I was vain enough to think my own one of the very best.

The pupils of the Misses Pentarn were well educated.

The two ladies had the good sense to encourage natural talent; and they prided themselves on the proficiency of their pupils.

To have been one of the Misses Pentarn's girls was, in its way, a stamp of merit; they were always admired for their highly cultivated minds and graceful manners.

In fact, Pentarn House was at that time one of the most fashionable schools in London.

The Misses Pentarn could have retired any day, but they really enjoyed the work and their own position.

We had a French governess, Mademoiselle de Lisle—a dark-eyed, vivacious, and clear-sighted lady.

It was an understood thing amongst the girls that it was useless to attempt to blind mademoiselle.

We also had a very sentimental German professor, and a dancing master who was by nature a dandy.

Each class had a competent English mistress.

Pentarn House was a model school; but I, by the time I had reached my seventeenth year, was tired of it.

It was, as I said before, a grand old mansion.

The corridors were wide; the floors and the staircase were all of solid oak; the rooms were large, lofty and light.

But the pleasantest part of the whole place—to me—was the magnificent garden that lay behind the mansion.

It was shaded by stately oaks and beeches—grand old trees that I loved to walk under—and was such a spot as one might expect to find in the green heart of the land, but scarcely to meet with so near the great city.

The Misses Pentarn allowed me, as an old and favored pupil, more liberty in the garden than was granted to the other pupils. They were restricted to certain localities. I was permitted to go where I would; and it was in the shade of the oaks and the beeches that I dreamed my dreams.

I had one that I loved almost as well as my life.

I cannot tell when I first dreamed it, but I can remember no time in which it did not come to me.

It was of a face so sweet and beautiful that I never saw the pictured face of saint or angel without thinking of it.

It came to me always just as I was falling asleep.

It was never smiling, but full of pathos. It bent over me, and the lips touched my forehead.

They opened always to utter the same words, "Heaven keep the dear child!"

Then, with a soft sigh, it was gone.

I never spoke of that little dream to any one.

I was a shy sensitive child, and dreaded being laughed at.

I looked for it as other children looked for their mother's good-night kiss.

The face was so graven on my mind that, when afterwards I learned to sketch and paint, I made almost a perfect picture of it.

When it lay before me in reality, and I could study it, I was much impressed by it—not so much by its delicate beauty as by its great spirituality.

Any artist might have copied it for the face of an angel.

I showed my treasure to no one.

It seemed to me a record of the only thing I had brought with me out of my past baby-life.

I could not have originated it.

Some such face must have bent over me and impressed itself on my brain; some such words must have been whispered over me, or I could never have remembered them.

The years passed quietly after that conversation with Miss Pentarn.

I asked no more questions, knowing that they would be useless.

Girls came and went; I remained there always.

At times a favorite companion would invite me to go home with her for the holidays, and letters would reach Miss Pentarn inviting Miss Dundas "to accompany her daughter in her vacation." The answer was invariably "No."

"Am I never to go anywhere, never to see any other place than this?" I cried in despair; for, as I grew older, I began to rage against my fate, to rebel against a life that seemed to me like no other life—at least as far as my experience went.

The first thing that had really roused me was the perusal of that charming and fascinating story, Lady-bird. It had opened to me a whole world of romance and poetry and passion.

I found that I was only on the threshold of life, outside the golden gates of love and happiness.

I was never the same after I read it. I had not been content before, but I had been busy with my studies, engaged always with my companions, and so had had but scant leisure to listen to the voice of my heart.

Now it was calling to me, bidding me rise—for I was no longer a child—rise and see what I could do with my life.

There were times when a cold horrible dread came over me lest those who had control of my destiny should die, should forget me.

Oh, the passionate longing of my heart, the ardent wishes, the unutterable desires that filled my mind!

Beyond the walls of Pentarn House lay the great world—blue seas and lofty mountains, the lands of romance and song, fair and fruitful Italy, gay and sunny France, glorious Switzerland, the rapid Rhine, the grand old German cities of which I read without tiring.

To those who are free freedom seems but of small import; to me it was more than life.

I wounded my heart, but I could not free myself.

Seventeen!

Why, Edith Darcy, my favorite, was leaving school, her education finished, ready to take her place in the great world! At seventeen many girls were engaged, and some were married, while I was condemned to German verbs and French idioms. My hot heart rebelled, my whole nature cried out against it.

At seventeen a girl is inclined for any folly that can bear the name of romance; at seventeen, I am not ashamed to say, I longed for a lover.

I longed for the same happiness that other girls enjoyed; I longed for some one to love me, to admire me.

My heart ached sorely; the longings of youth, the vague fanciful dreams of girlhood filled my mind.

I wanted really to live.

I watched the happy birds, the bees and butterflies, and longed to be blithe and gay as they were, longed to be free.

I felt that there must be a change, that I must do something, that I could bear my present existence no longer.

Friend after friend had left school, as young birds leave their nest—had married and taken their place in life; but no one came to take me away, no one filled my heart with delight by picturing to me a brilliant future.

The vague beautiful mysterious dawn of womanhood was come, and that which had contented the child pleased the girl no longer.

CHAPTER III.

A BRIGHT June morning, fair and sunshiny.

The little bell rang as usual at eight o'clock.

The classes formed.

We liked early morning work best at Pentarn House.

There were the usual three minutes of gossip while we were waiting for Miss Pentarn, when it was rumored that there had been a quarrel between the French and German governesses, the origin of the quarrel being the German professor.

In the excitement no one noticed that Miss Pentarn had entered, looking very pale.

Lessons and exercises were given out for the day.

Just as the German class was preparing I looked at her.

I had the greatest hatred of German irregular verbs and the greatest love for the sunshine without.

My eyes must have conveyed what I felt, for in a few minutes Miss Pentarn came to me.

"I read your longing in your eyes Laurie" she said.

"You may have one hour to yourself in the garden now.

"Spend it sensibly, dear, and not in idle dreams."

I went straight away to my favorite spot under the oaks.

The shadows of the boughs and leaves fell upon the grass; the rooks in the elms near cawed noisily.

I was thankful for the hour of respite. To lie on the soft grass, to watch the birds and the white clouds that ever and anon sailed through the ether, was the very luxury of happiness to me.

Presently a longing to be up and away came over me.

I wondered, as I lay there watching the shadows of the leaves, how long it would be before I should gain my freedom. If "they"—the mysterious "they" who ruled my existence—did not make haste, it would be too late for me to enjoy life at all. I was seventeen, and on that bright summer morning seventeen appeared to me a very advanced age.

How little I dreamed of all that was to happen!

The realities of life did not enter my thoughts.

I remember the date of that day. I was the twentieth of June.

The lights and shadows chased each other over the grass; at the lovely summer sights and sounds around me my heart was full of rapture and delight, yet aching with longing and desire for freedom.

A longer shadow fell upon the grass; I heard a sound, as of a gentle footsteps, and, looking up, I saw Miss Pentarn coming towards me. Quietly she took her seat by my side.

"My dear Laurie, you must have thought it very extraordinary that I should send you out here. The fact of the matter is I want to speak to you."

And then I perceived that my governess held a letter in her hand. I noticed also that she was trembling; her placid face quivered with excitement.

"My dear child," she went on, "you have often asked me about yourself. You have often expressed a very natural desire to know to whom you belonged, all about your family and home. I have some reason to think that soon—to-day even—your wish may be gratified."

A thousand times in fancy had I depicted this scene, when Miss Pentarn should come and tell me of those near to me.

I had always imagined myself wild with joy, crying out, hysterical with delight; but now that the time was come when I was to hear from mother, father, home, a solemn calmness stole over me.

My face grew pale, my hands trembled. Ah, Heaven, had it come at last—this knowledge, which was to be so sweet? I had done what people often do in the case of the absent—I had idealized my parents. My father I pictured as a fine combination of the knight and the scholar, my mother as beautiful and saintly.

I lavished something like adoration on these ideal parents of mine. Now I was going to hear the truth.

"Laurie," said Miss Pentarn, "control yourself.

"Remember, the one grand lesson in life is self-control.

"You look so pale and so strange that I shall be afraid to talk to you.

"In all probability you will have much to bear in life. Take your first lesson in self-control now."

"Be calm," I said to myself.

I knew that Miss Pentarn would say no more until I was as quiet as herself.

I clenched my hands tightly; no word no sound should escape me.

"I can listen in silence, Miss Pentarn," I answered; and she smiled as she looked at my white face.

"I will not keep you in suspense," she said.

"I have not received permission to tell you anything of yourself; but I have been told to prepare you for a visit from a relative this morning."

"And—my mother?"I sobbed helplessly. "Am I not to see my mother?"

"I do not know, Laurie. This letter speaks of a relative."

"Will you show it to me?" I asked eagerly; and she dropped it into my hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Prize of the Sea.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

THE ocean steamer Ethiopia ploughed her way through the angry, ruffled sea.

She seemed a being of impulse and feelings, and, tormented at the waves retarding her progress, raised her iron bow high in the air and mournfully plunged it deep, deep down, raising a seething foam, which she disdainfully cast aside as unworthy of her notice.

On deck many were watching the wild scenes and shuddering at the vivid flashes of lightning that seemed to laugh at their peril.

Suddenly the ship gave a heavy lurch to leeward, and a young and white-clothed form was plunged headlong into the roaring sea.

The air became more dismal with her piteous shriek.

"Woman overboard!" cried the man at the wheel.

"My daughter! My daughter!

"My fortune to the man who saves her!" cried an old man, as he rushed madly to the vessel's side.

"Won't anyone save her? Oh, Heaven have mercy!"

A man plunged through the air, struck the sea head first, and then began a battle between the seething water and a human being.

"Keep up, girl! I'm coming!" he shouted.

He finally reached her—the mad waves revengefully pushed him from her—she sank.

A boat was quickly lowered from the steamer.

Volunteers were plenty.

Everybody was on deck, watching this unequal struggle.

He reached her—she desperately encircled his neck.

He realized that both would certainly sink, pushed her away, and disappeared from sight.

An angry wave overwhelmed them—it broke away.

He had conquered, and, treading water, held her above the surf,her pale face turned to the vessel.

A loud huzza rent the air; everbody breathed freely.

The boat neared them.

In a few moments they were safe on board once more.

"Heaven bless you, sir! Oh, my poor child are you dead?"

The agonized father lifted her from the sailor's arm, and then turning to him said, gratefully:

"Name your reward. I am your debtor for life!"

"Here is my reward, sir"—pointing to the dripping figure—"the saving of a life!" answered the sailor, his form erect and eyes flashing.

"My brave Edwards, here's a glass of brandy.

"Go below and change your clothes, and then come aft!" said the old captain, as he shook the sailor's hand.

The passengers had already started a subscription for him.

The father of Anna—General James Mortimer—headed the list with a check for five thousand dollars.

The money collected was given to the captain, who sent a sailor to order Samuel Edwards to come to the first cabin.

As he entered, all eyes were turned upon him.

He was a splendid specimen of manhood—tall and athletic.

"Mr. Edwards," Anna spoke, "you have saved my life, and I thank you from my heart!"

Tears came.

She could say no more.

"Samuel Edwards, for thirty-five years I have crossed the ocean, and I never saw a braver man, or witnessed a more heroic act.

"These ladies and gentlemen have made up a purse, which they wish you to accept as a slight remembrance of this occasion."

And the captain held out to him the money.

With arms folded and head erect, he turned to the captain and passengers, and replied, at the same time refusing to touch the money.

"Captain, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your present, but I do not need the money.

"I simply did my duty.

"This is my second voyage across the ocean, and when I reach England it is my last.

"Again, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you, but I cannot take money for saving a human life."

He again bowed and was turning to leave, when Anna approached him, with her father by her side, and said, in a soft tone:

"If you will not take the present of money, will you accept this ring?

"It was my mother's;I love it as a memento of her devotion to me."

She handed him an elegant turquoise ring, with a circlet of diamonds forming the letter M.

"Mr. Edwards," her father added, holding out his hand, "I reside in Park Lane.

"Will you be my guest when we arrive in the city?"

"Miss Mortimer, your kindness overwhelms me.

"I will preserve this ring with my own life.

"I thank you from my heart for it. General Mortimer, I hope time will prove to you that I am a gentleman of birth and education, though reduced by poverty to my present state.

"I will with pleasure accept your hospitality. Good morning, ladies and gentlemen."

"Stop, Edwards!" said the captain.

The conversation between Mr. Mortimer, Anna, and the young man had been conducted in a quiet tone, and the captain's action now was the offspring of a private consultation with the other passengers.

"Stop, Edwards! You are discharged as a seaman, and are now my guest. Steward assign Mr. Edwards a state-room."

Edwards was overwhelmed.

The good ship Ethiopia ploughed her way tirelessly on.

The storm, discouraged at its futile efforts to master her, moved away to other climes, and that night the ocean was smooth as a lake.

Edwards became the hero of the hour, and by his quiet, gentlemanly deportment won the admiration and respect of the passengers, who comprised some of the best and wealthiest of London society, returning from a visit to the New World.

General James Mortimer was a wealthy patrician, who had been abroad with his daughter for his health.

Anna was not a beauty, but she had a quiet, dignified grace which, with a gentle loving disposition, made her the queen of many a heart.

She was not engaged, though she had had suitors.

As they drove up to their home on their arrival at Euston—the news of her miraculous escape having preceded her—the servants met them with a smile of thankful joy on their faces.

They were old and trusted servitors.

Anna and her father entered the library, when he, handing her a note, said, "Anna, Mr. Edwards gave me this note as I was leaving the vessel; it is for you."

Anna read:—

"MISS ANNA MORTIMER,—

"Please say to your father that upon reflection I have regretfully concluded to decline his invitation to accept his hospitality. Circumstances uninteresting to you preclude the possibility of my availing myself of the honor he has conferred on me.

"With heartfelt acknowledgements of your kindness, believe me, very respectfully yours,

"SAMUEL EDWARDS."

"Oh, papa, this is too bad! What has happened?" was all Anna could say, disappointment and regret in her voice; for during the last few days of the voyage the young people had been much together, and from admiring her hero she had come to find him indispensable to her happiness.

"Happened, pet? Why, nothing that I can see.

"Probably he is afraid we may think him intrusive, and out of delicacy he declines an invitation that, under other circumstances, he would accept.

"Anna, I like the fellow. He is bright, educated, and has considerable tact. Suppose you write him an invitation? Then he will come, I am sure."

The general only desired to evince his gratitude—nothing more.

He could not see or know that h was aiding his daughter in an act which, in her timidity and bashfulness, would have seemed an impossibility.

Anna needed no second invitation to carry out her father's suggestion; so she wrote to Edwards, expressing her regret at his inability to accept their invitation, and asked him as a favor to herself to call on them before he went away.

She knew he was going away—something told her so.

He was going because he was afraid she might not love him.

His actions on the last days they were on the vessel plainly told her this.

She despatched her letter by a messenger who returned only to say that he had gone.

"Gone where?" she anxiously inquired.

"The gentleman said, miss, he was going to Scotland.

"To Scotland!"

It was even as she thought.

Now she knew only too well that he was very dear to her, so dear that she would have liked to hold her hand out to him and say "Stay! Stay for my sake!"

But would he stay? Did he really love her? If so, why had he gone without a word?

He was too proud to ask for her love—that was it.

These and a hundred other perplexing, heart-moving questions filled her mind. She was unused to care, almost childish in her whims and loving impression, and she could not look at this trouble from any but a selfish point.

Her worried heart became more and more entangled in the meshes she was weaving, and she was unequal to the burden. She had no one to whom she could go excepting her old and doting father.

Yet she could not tell him all; she was ashamed to own that she loved a man because he had saved her life—a man who was a common sailor, of whom she knew absolutely nothing.

She bravely concluded to suffer alone.

Poor little injured soul!

She thought of martyrdom, and consoling herself that she was a martyr, sought her room and wept.

* * * * * *

Two years from that day that Anna wept vainly for her lover, she gave a party to a number of ladies and gentlemen, member of an art society of Edinburgh, who were on a visit to the metropolis.

Two years had brought no change in her old feelings.

She was still true to the man who had saved her life.

He had written her once, just subsequent to his leaving London, that was all, yet that letter she guarded with a very jealous care.

Her love-dream was not o'er; she had grown stronger, more resolute, and more than ever convinced that with him and him only could she be happy.

Her father knew nothing of her trouble; he knew only that she had changed. From being a lively, childlike girl she had grown to be a woman—a woman with a purpose, who had set out to accomplish a task, and was determined to do it.

To-night a gay assemblage met at her residence.

Great painters and musicians were there, and all were commingling in the joy and pleasure of the hour.

Men and women told of struggles, of privations, of exertions that had brought them to their goal, and all felt they were bound by the tie of success and past adversity.

"I am glad to hear you say, Mr. Rappelo that the paintings of that new artist, Mr. Gordon, have scored a success.

"I believe you told me he had been offered twenty-five thousand dollars for a single picture."

"Yes, Mrs. Adams; not only has he been offered a handsome price for the painting, I understand that the art society of Liverpool have offered him an additional sum for a copy of it."

"What is the subject of the picture, Mr. Rappelo?" asked Anna.

"It is a marine scene; a young girl struggling with the waves, and her rescue by a sailor——

"Are you ill, Miss Mortimer?"

"No sir—only a spasm—I am subject to them.

"But about the picture; who did you say was the artist?"

"I believe his initials are Samuel E. But you are certainly ill, Miss Mortimer!"

She had arisen from the table where they were sitting, and excusing herself for a moment, passed into another room.

Hastily taking a telegraph form, she wrote:—

"S. E. Gordon,artist, Edinburgh.—I will give fifty thousand dollars for your marine view; I must have it. Answer.

"ANNA MORTIMER."

She despatched this to a telegraph office and returned to the company; but her whole manner had changed.

She seemed a different woman; her features wore an anxious, longing expression, as if she were expecting something which she was doubtful about.

"Are you better, Miss Mortimer?" inquired one of the guests.

"Oh, yes! It was only a passing chill—I am better now.

"Mrs. Tracy, will you and Mr. Rappelo favor us with a duet?"

"Certainly, Miss Anna; what shall it be?"

"Anything you please," she answered, affecting a tone of gaiety.

"Have you heard any of Mr. Gordon's popular music? He is a composer as well as an artist.

"His last song is called 'Anna, the Pride of the Sea.'

"Why Miss Anna——"

There was a general exclamation of dismay; the girl had fainted.

* * * * * * *

The next morning,as Anna and her father were seated at breakfast, a servant handed her a telegram. Hastily tearing open the envelope, she read:—

"Picture sold, but artist not. Can I hope for a welcome and reward for the dreary past?

"SAMUEL EDWARDS GORDON."

Forgetting the presence of her father, Anna exclaimed, "Yes, dearest, yes!"

"Why, Anna! What is the matter?" asked her father, as he glanced from his paper.

"Nothing, papa; only I am very happy."

A few minutes later she sent this message:—

"Yes, more than a welcome, if you will come immediately."

A week later, while Anna and her father were at dinner, she said, "Papa, Mr. Edwards will be here to-night by the late train.

"I have invited him. Will you go with me in the carriage to the station?"

"To the station, child? Why, Anna, that isn't very dignified."

"Papa, I cannot help it; I must tell you the truth. He has won my heart, and for over two years I have patiently kept my secret and hoped against hope. Mr.Gordon papa, the great artist, is my Samuel Edwards, and he has asked me by letter for what he already possesses, and I—undutiful girl that I am!—have given my consent without speaking to you. Forgive me, papa, if I have done wrong, but I could not help it!"

"Done wrong pet? No—yes—well, I am perplexed.

"I knew this must come sooner or later, and now that it has come, I presume I must bow to the inevitable."

"Oh, you dear, good papa!

"Get ready at once, and we will start for the station."

And then, in a semi-serious tone, as she kissed him, she added:

"Prepare to receive your new son!"

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Two months later they were married at the home of the bride's father.

"So, sir," said General Mortimer, after the ceremony, "you had a motive in saving my daughter's life?

"A fine fellow you are! Refuse money, only to take my all!"

Then turning to the assembled company, he said:

"These two truants, who have spliced themselves, as the sailors say, were mated on the ocean, and they have checkmated their father on the highway of ambition and love.

"Forgive them, kind friends; they have only stepped into the noose of——"

"Of happiness, love and peace, father!" interrupted the bridegroom.

And so the "Pride of the Sea" became the bride of the artist.

Bric-a-Brac.

AT THE DOOR.—Formerly marriages took place at the doors of churches. Chaucer in the "Wife of Bath," says, "She was a worthy woman all her life; husbands at the church door she had five." An Act of Parliment in the reign of Edward VI. first authorized the solemnization of marriages within the body of the church.

THE SMALLEST.—The smallest bird of America is the humming-bird; and of Europe, the golden-crested wren. The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia. The most diminutive plant is the Arctic raspberry, which is so small that a six-ounce vial will hold the whole, branches, leaves and all.

OF ONE PEARL.—There is in Turin a tiny boat formed of a single pearl, which form it assumes in swell and concavity. Its sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at its bow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder and its stand is a slab of ivory. It weighs less than half an ounce; it value is five thousand dollars.

ALMOST INVISIBLE.—Oswaldus Nothingerus is said to have made 1,600 dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so thin and slender that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a peppercorn of the common size. They were so small as to be almost invisible to the eye. They were presented to Pope Paul V.

HOW THEY DANCE IN ITALY.—In Italy, when the country men and women dance together,the first thing they do is to toss off their shoes,if they wear any. A man don't go up to a woman and ask her if she will dance, but he fixes his eye on her from a distance and nods. She nods in return,and then both kick off their shoes and advance towards each other and begin to dance. The dance, besides an incessant up and down of steps, represents also quite a little love drama in gestures, and the success of the dance depends on the cleverness of the dancers to express this mimic scene. He courts, pleads, beseeches,runs after his dancer, tries to clasp her waist and kiss her; all the time he is dancing. The girl,of course, denies, laughs,shakes her head and escapes her partner, till at last, the dance finished, she rushes to her place and resumes her shoes.

A FAMOUS TREE.—Many a traveller has inscribed his name upon the famous sycamore, known as the virgin's tree, at Heliopolis, where Arabi threw up intrenchments for the defence of Cairo. The rude buffets of time and the embellishments of the tourist have dealt hardly with its trunk; but its branches are still flourishing. According to the legend, the Virgin and the Child once rested under its friendly shade during the flight to Egypt. Another story tells how Mary concealed herself with the Child in the hollow of the trunk, and that a kindly spider so completely covered the opening with its web as to "screen her effectually from observation." It was presented by the Khedive to the Empress Eugenie at the inauguration of the canal. The unfortunate part of the tale is that the tree now shown as the real article was not planted until about 1672, the original tree having died a natural death in 1665.

COCHINEAL.—Cochineal,as found in trade, is the dried body of the female-cochineal insect, which lives on a species of cactus. During life it is about the size of a small ladybug. It is rather long, compressed, equally broad all over, wingless,and marked behind with deep incisions and wrinkles. The cochineal insect has six feet, which it nevertheless are only of use directly after birth. It fastens itself upon the plant by means of a trunk placed between the forefeet, and remains there till it dies. The sap of the plant provides this little animal with nourishment. The male cochineal insects resemble the female during the larva state. They change into the chrysalis, and soon come forth as small red flies. The female then lays some thousands of eggs, and becomes covered with a white powder. She protects the eggs under her body; and hatches them, so to speak, in this way. When the young insect appears the mother dies.

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

BY E. B. LYTTON.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the seamew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore,
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fisherman's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

* * *

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

TIFF, said Brian next day, as they sat at breakfast together, "as you have been in Paris before, and as I like sight-seeing myself, what do you say to our taking a few days' holiday before we go home and 'doing' the gay city thoroughly?"

Tiff's eyes brightened; but then, as usual, she thought of Ninon before herself.

"If it were not for Ninon," she said wistfully—"I know she will be so anxious until I get back——"

The young man nodded approval of her answer.

"But you see, dear," he added, not without a touch of embarrassment, "that brings me to something else that I wanted to say. I don't think that I need ask you whether you would rather do what is best for your sister or for yourself."

Tiff shook her head, with a laugh.

"Of course not," she said

"No, I know that," Brian said, "and, knowing it, I have more courage in telling you that I am not going to take you back to Marybridge at all—for the present."

"Oh, Mr. Beaufoy!" Tiff's eyes opened wide in distress.

"You will not mind when I tell you that I am going to take you to Mrs. Strong and to Miss Hawthorn."

"To Mary!" cried Tiff.

"Oh, I am so glad! But am I not to see Ninon—not even to see her, Mr. Beaufoy? I would not say a word, I would not tell her anything, if I might only just see her and let her be quite sure that I am well and happy.

"She will go on worrying about me, if she is not certain of that."

"Can't you trust me to tell her so?" demanded Brian gently.

"Oh, yes!"—eagerly. "And—I beg your pardon for appearing so dissatisfied. You have been so good—of course you know best."

"I knew you would be a sensible little girl, and listen to reason," responded the young man, quietly ignoring the gulp with which Tiff swallowed her own inclinations, and the tears in her eyes which she would not permit to fall.

"You see Ninon had some difficulty in obtaining your address, and I am afraid that if you were to return to Marybridge, it might not be in her power to befriend you again in a similar fix. I can't explain all this, dear; but I know you will take my word for it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ninon told me that Mrs. Strong, her aunt, would gladly assist me in any plans I could make for your happiness; and so before I came to Paris, I went to Barnes and saw her, and the very charming young lady who lives with her, and we talked the matter over."

"I little knew!" cried Tiffany. "I began to think I should never see any one again as long as I lived."

"But you see, dear, we were thinking of you," declared Brian, laying his hand upon her hair.

"Well, Mrs. Strong quite agreed with me that it would be better, having gained your mother's permission, and in case of any unforeseen complications, to send you away at once to school."

Tiff very nearly uttered a doleful exclamation, but succeeded, by biting her lip hard, in keeping it back.

"And so, if you consent—and I am sure you will—it is arranged that I am to leave you at the cottage with Mrs. Strong and Miss Hawthorn, and that they are to get my cousin Tiff ready for a certain very happy school in Dusseldorf, where your friend Mary was educated, and where she assures me that you will very soon learn to be contented."

The young man paused and searched the child's face rather anxiously.

It was desirable, after the life she had led, that she should have the discipline and regular hours and wholesome influences in general of a good school.

But Brian said to himself that, if she shrunk from the ordeal, he would not force it upon her.

Ever since she had been born, as far as she could judge from Miss Hawthorn's story, Tiff had been a very secondary consideration in her little world, she had been badgered and tossed and made a victim to the convenience of others.

And Brian was determined that henceforth she should feel that she had one friend in the world who was anxious, and who had also the power, to protect her and to look after her interests.

"What do you say Tiff?" he asked gravely. "If I take you back to Ninon, you know as well as I do that—that there is no certainty of your not being again separated from her.

"If I leave you in Barnes with Mrs. Strong, it is possible you might be recalled and all your studies interrupted at any moment.

"Whereas, if you make up your mind to spend a couple of years at Dusseldorf and work hard and be a good girl, I think I can promise you that no one shall interfere between you and me.

"For it is to me that you will look henceforth—after your mother, of course—for protection, and to me that you will promise to confide all your little troubles—won't you?"

Poor Tiff could not speak for crying.

The tears would not be kept back any longer. And Brian let them flow freely for some minutes without interfering.

"I can't make it out," the little one said, sobbing, but smiling, rather hysterically.

"No one ever asked me before what I should like to do; it seems so strange!"

"None of us can always do what we like best, I am afraid," said Brian, smiling back at her.

"But I think I can safely ask you in this instance, because my little Tiffany has a good deal of common-sense in that curly head of hers, and when she is convinced that it will be best for Ninon, as for herself——"

"I will go to school—of course I will!" interrupted Tiffany eagerly. I will do all you tell me to do, Brian. And I will love you as long as I live."

She jumped up and flung her arms around Brian's neck; and he not only submitted with a good grace to being kissed, but even returned the caress very heartily.

"And so that point being settled," he said cheerfully, "I now come back, Tiff, to my original proposition that you and I take a few days' holiday in Paris before we go home, and that we enjoy ourselves, like a couple of country cousins, in seeing the sights."

Feeling that, since she was not to go back to Marybridge, there was no hurry for leaving Paris, Tiff hailed the repitition of Brian's proposal with delight; and, having first written a line to Mrs. Strong, announcing Tiffany's consent and the delay in their arrival, Mr. Beaufoy carried her off to Luxembourg and gave the child her first feast of pictures.

The girl's delight was simply irresistible; her gratitude for the simplest kindness touched him to the quick; her inborn delicacy satisfied even his fastidious taste.

The poor child's ignorance was certainly something appaling.

"If Ninon were here, she wouldn't need to be told all that," she said once wistfully at the Musee de Cluny, when Brian had been telling her something of the life of Bernard Palissy, whose ware she had been admiring. "Nor would Mary Hawthorn, I dare say.

"I wish I were not so stupid, Brian!"

"Are you so stupid, Tiff?" Brian asked, smiling.

"You certainly would have been unusually clever if you had contrived to learn these things without anyone to teach you, or any books to read."

The little thing slipped her hand into his, and looked up into his dark face with an answering smile.

"Oh, what pretty plates!" she cried, as they walked on.

"They remind me of the one Miss Thackeray talks about in that lovely sad story, *Sola*—don't you remember?

"Her plate had two clasped hands on it—see, there is one with a beautiful dark girl's face, and 'Angela Bella' round it in gold letters.

"And, oh, there is one with music on it—a song: I wonder what it is about!"

Brian stopped good-naturedly while she stood on tip-toe to read.

"I think," she said, "that Angela Bella looks a little bit like Ninon, only Ninon is prettier.

"Don't you think, Brian, that Ninon is the very loveliest girl in the world?"

The young man drew a short impatient breath.

"Yes," he said curtly.

"So do I," replied Tiffany.

"You know"—hesitating and coloring—"I used to think once that, when you came home to live at the Priory, you would fall in love with Ninon, and that you would be married and live happy ever after, like the prince and princess in the fairy tales!"

"Ah, Tiff, said Brian, "it is only in fairy-tales, I am afraid, that everything ends so happily as that!

"You see, instead of falling in love with each other, Ninon and I were always quarrelling.

"I suppose some day or other she will fall in love and marry—only, you will see, the prince's name will not be Brian!"

"But you are the only prince she knows," declared Tiff, looking up at him with admiring eyes.

"Nobody else looks like the hero of a fairy-tale at all—not even your brother."

"My kind little Tiff," said Brian, pressing her hand as they passed on through the ancient tapestry hung-rooms. "It is very nice to have such a warm admirer, I assure you.

"But indeed I think Quentin is a great deal more like a prince than I.

"He is fair, you know.

"It always seems to me that fairy princes should be fair and gay and gallant like Quentin."

Tiff shook her head.

"My princes are always dark," with conviction.

"Dick is fair as well as Quentin; and who could ever take Dick for a prince?"

"I have never seen Mr. Strong," answered the young man; but he felt a curious stirring at his heart.

"I have heard Ninon speak of him once or twice. And so you know him too?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered indifferently.

"He came to Avranches; and then you know we stayed at the Cottage. "Oh—with some compunction in her voice—"I like Dick. Dick is very nice indeed—not like you, Brian, of course, but still very nice in his own way."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AUNT DOROTHY and Mary were so rejoiced to welcome Tiffany again to the Cottage, and were so evidently eager to make the little thing happy, that Mr. Beaufoy, when the time came for him to leave London, said good-bye to her without many compunctious visits, though Tiff did cling to his arm when he said good-bye to her in the hall, charging him with all kind of loving messages for Ninon, and trying vainly to stammer forth some words of gratitude for all his goodness to both."

"Nonsense, Tiff," said the young man gently.

"I wonder who wouldn't be good to a little thing like you! And, remember, you are to write to me sometime from Dusseldorf, especially if you get into a scrape at school, or run short of pocket-money, or anything of that sort.

"I know you are going to be very wise, dear, but accidents of that sort will happen, and I wan't you to feel that you need never be afraid to confess them to your grim old cousin Brian."

"I am not afraid of you at all," admitted Tiffany, holding up her cheek to be kissed, while the tears brimmed over in spite of her.

"And of course I will write to you, though I don't mean to get into any scrapes or to waste any money."

Mr. Beaufoy put the little sobbing thing into Mary's kind arms, and hastened down the garden walk.

But Tiff broke away and ran after him before he could reach the gate.

"Be good to Ninon!" she said eagerly.

"Don't scold her, Brian. Be as kind to her as you have been to me."

"Dear I will be as good to her as she will allow me to be," declared the young man, with a last hand-shake.

"And now run back to Mary, my dear child. I am very glad you have so sweet a friend."

Mr. Beaufoy could not help smiling somewhat sadly once or twice as the train carried him rapidly from London towards Marybridge; the part he had been playing was one to which he had been utterly unaccustomed.

"What will she ask me to do next, I wonder?" he thought with a shrug of his shoulders.

And the "she" in his mind could hardly have been poor little Tiff.

"I have hardly recovered from the very uncomfortable surprise of finding myself involved in a mock engagement to her, before she sends me to play the elder brother to Tiff and saddles me with a host of unforeseen responsibilities.

"Well"—sighing—"so long as Mrs. Masserene does not object, I suppose it is all right!

"But how long can this present delusive peace continue; and how much better off will that beautiful unhappy young creature be when Mr. Strong returns, and she is obliged to confess the truth to her stepmother?

"I confess I do not see my way out of the difficulty at all—I mean as far as she is concerned, poor child!"

The evening was closing in rapidly as Mr. Beaufoy drove up the broad avenue to the doors of the Priory.

On the road from the station he had endeavored to concentrate his attention on the horses, and had done his best to ignore the fact that he felt an unmistakable eagerness to reach his journey's end.

As the dog-cart rolled swiftly on, his thoughts seemed to go back to his last interview with Ninon, when he had found her in his sister's boudoir, pale and agitated, and with the jonquil ribbon in her unbound hair.

He seemed to feel again in his palm the touch of her frail and feverish hand, to hear the piteous tremor in her voice as she asked him to go on this errand, from the accomplishment of which he was returning now, with an undue eagerness he could not but feel.

"Surely I am not so weak as to look for any gratitude from my beautiful butterfly cousin!" he said to himself bitterly.

"I have done her bidding, it is true; but she is not used to having men eager to do her pleasure.

"And have I not already proved that it is only while it is yet undone, while there is yet something to be gained, that she finds it worth her while to smile on me.

"She will say some pretty words, and let me hold her hand for a moment or two; but, after that, which of her slightest caprices would she abandon at my desire?

"And why indeed should I expect her to do so?"

A warm red light was glowing in one or two of the windows that opened on to the terrace as the dog-cart drove up to the door; and Mr. Beaufoy jumped down, flinging the reins to the groom.

A hasty word or two with Baxter, the old butler, assured him that all was well. He got rid of his overcoat, and then he looked at his watch.

"You have half an hour yet, sir," said Baxter—the drive had been a chilly one, and Mr. Beaufoy was rubbing his hands and looking a little wistfully about the empty hall, where a fire had been lit and was glowing redly in the dusk.

"And Madame begged that you would go into the library as soon as you arrived."

"Madame is there?"

"The ladies are expecting you, sir, by this train."

Mr. Beaufoy went at once to the library. The urn was hissing; but, save for the cheerful sound, as Brian opened the door, a perfect silence reigned over the charming home-like scene.

The room was empty.

As he advanced, he saw that one of the easy-chairs was occupied, and by a woman in a long pale-blue gown.

She did not move or speak as he drew near, and he saw that she had fallen asleep. Her dark hair was thrown back, her hands lay, palms outward, on the arms of the chair.

She seemed to have fallen into a doze while waiting.

With a curious reluctant eagerness Brian stood and looked down upon Ninon's pale beauty.

How unhappy the fair face looked even in sleep! What heavy shadows lay beneath the closed white lids! What unutterable dejection he read in the languid corners of the sweet mouth!

He remembered with a touch of remorse how he had supposed her to be coquetting as usual with her court of admirers, forgetful of his arrival, careless of her sister's fate.

And now he found her thus, looking almost as ill as when he had left her, worn out perhaps with anxiety and protracted vigils.

Never since the day they first met had he dared so to stand and look upon her loveliness until now.

Yes, the world was right.

She had a faultless face, even in sleep, and with the light quenched of her brilliant blue eyes. Brian told himself at last that he could understand man's infatuation for her.

"Poor child!" he thought then, smothering a sigh. "It is hard at your years that your face should wear such a look as that—harder still to know that it is the result of your own perversity, folly, recklessness, and that to no one in the world shall it be given to save you from the misery they must always bring upon you!"

Almost as if she had heard his unspoken thoughts, Ninon opened her eyes—quickly, without any sigh or movement of the arms—and looked up vaguely into his fine dark face.

For some seconds, as he stood there, they gazed into each other's eyes; and at last he moved and put out his hand.

"I have come back, you see," he said, smiling.

And then she sat up, a more conscious look coming into her face, a quick little frown contracting her delicate brows.

"Ah—it is really you!" she said, rising, and eagerly looking past him as she put her hand into his extended palm.

"I thought I had dreamt it.

"I have dreamt so often since you went away that you had come back and brought me Tiffany."

She saw then that there was no one with him. "Where is she?" she said faintly. "You have not brought her! You have left her with aunt Dorothy, after all!"

"Yes," he said, "I thought it better to do so."

And as he spoke she drew her hand away, and turned a little from him towards the tea-table. There was a small blue-grey bowl on it filled with pansies, and the girl began mechanically to arrange the flowers. He could see that her hands trembled.

"They were so glad to have her," he said, in a low voice. "And, as Miss Hawthorn knows all about the school——"

"I understand," Ninon said, with some difficulty, as he paused. "And,"—she turned towards him again, trying to smile—"I haven't thanked you for all the trouble you have taken, for doing so much more even than I asked. It was so very good of you!"

"I would rather be scolded, I think," returned Brian, "than thanked so very politely as all that! "Ninon, try to believe that I did it for the best.

"Of course Tiff was dying to come back to you. But would it have been wise?

"How were we to know that she would not have been taken from you again? And the child is so safe and so well cared for where she is."

"Yes," Ninon said, as he seemed to pause again for a word.

"Miss Hawthorn is such a sweet woman!" he went on. "I conceived the warmest liking for her. Tiff could not have a better friend."

"No," Ninon assented again faintly.

A sharp jealous pain pierced like a knife through her heart.

She felt as if a hand were upon her throat and stifling all the words she would have liked to speak.

In that moment Mary was avenged, if she had but known it, away in her quiet home at Barnes, for every pang that beautiful Ninon Masserene had caused her during the past two years.

"We talked the matter over thoroughly," continued Mr. Beaufoy gently, still greatly moved by the girl's trouble; "and then we left it to Tiff to decide at last. And you see her good sense came to her assistance."

"Yes." For the life of her Ninon could say nothing but those painful, half-articulate monosyllables. "We," she was thinking bitterly—"we talked it over,"—Brian and Mary Hawthorn!

It had not been worth their while to consult her.

Tiffany was safer and happier away from her than with her.

And what right had she to protest against their decree?

All they had said was true.

Had she not proved false again and again to the little sister who loved and trusted in her so blindly?

Had she ever allowed Tiff's happiness to weigh against her own caprices and desires? And now that they had taken her from her it was only what she deserved.

And Mary would never forsake Tiffany—again a fierce pang of jealousy shot through the poor tortured heart—Mary who had sacrificed her happiness without a murmur to the man she loved, who found more contentment in the calm performance of her every-day duty than she herself had found, or would ever find, in the feverish false contemptible life for which she had bartered everything she should have held most dear.

Brian stood watching her in silence as all this passed rapidly through her mind. She had turned away again to the table and was adjusting the pansies with her poor trembling fingers.

The long pale-blue gown she wore was trimmed round the throat and bosom with some feathery trimming of the same shade, and he saw it flutter from her irregular and hurried breathing like the breast of a wounded bird.

"Ninon," he said very gently, "forgive me if in all this I have unavoidably wounded you.

"I think, later, you will acknowledge that I could not have acted otherwise."

"You could not have acted otherwise," she repeated mechanically, with a little bend of the head.

"Then let me see that you do not secretly blame me for what I have done," he urged. "If you had seen how cheerfully Tiff had yielded her own desire when I told her that it was best for you that she should not come back just now—how——"

Ninon turned round, with a bitter little laugh, and faced him.

"Tiffany is used to sacrificing herself," she said; "she has done nothing else all her life long.

"But why do you expect anything so good from me?

"It is from women like Mary Hawthorn and Tiff that you must look for such devotion as that.

"But I—I expect people to give in to me.

"And when they will not, when I cannot have my own way, I cry out.

"Why should not I cry out when I am in pain?

"It is all I am fit for!"

"You are at your usual trick of exaggeration," responded Brian, with a cold smile. In her rebellious moments Ninon always roused in him that spirit of resentment and disapproval which but now had been swallowed up in compassion.

"If you are so conscious of your faults, why not try to correct them?"

She laughed again.

"How am I to find time?" she demanded. "And is it not already condescension enough on my part to acknowledge them?

"You know there are plenty of men ready to swear that I am faultless."

He was silent.

"Oh, I know that you are not one of them!" she went on recklessly.

"No, I certainly am not," he said then, still coldly.

"But, on the other hand, I do not consider you that impossible monster of vanity and selfishness which you are sometimes pleased to represent yourself.

"I believe you would prefer either extreme.

"There is something essentially theatrical in your nature.

"You are always striving after effect."

Ninon hung her head, and a little flush rose to her face.

"How hard you are to me always!" she said, under her breath.

"Not harder than you are to yourself—not so hard.

"I have sufficient faith in you to believe that, if a great occasion offered, you would not shrink from sacrificing yourself; only"—smiling a little—"I am afraid you would want an audience!"

She did not seem to hear the last remark.

"You are wrong—wrong!" she said hurriedly, looking at him with bright dilated eyes.

"Great or small, I should shun it.

"I dread the thought of suffering.

"I would do anything to escape even for the moment from pain.

"I remember the first day I met Dick, when I was with Catherine, and still believed that the world was going to be all one long holiday for me, how I turned suddenly cold and chill as I watched a young *frere* who was acting as our guide through the Abbey at the Mont Saint Michel.

"I tried to think what stress of feeling, what combination of circumstances could force me into giving up, as he had done, at twenty years of age, the world and all it then seemed to hold for me; and I remember I prayed—no, not prayed, that is not the word; but I cried out beforehand against such a doom and said that I could not bear it."

"Ninon!" said Brian soothingly.

"And even now," she went on, not heeding him—"now that I know what a failure my life has been and will always be—do you think I am any the more ready to give up, to sacrifice myself, to suffer?

"No!"

She broke into another bitter and reckless laugh.

"This world is a miserable one enough; but it is all that I am sure of.

"Let me keep it while I can."

"Ninon!" repeated Mr. Beaufoy, more authoritatively now.

"Do not speak so wildly.

"Listen to me.

"I have something to say."

"I am listening," she said; but her eyes were looking away from him into the fire.

"Do you know," Brian went on quietly, "that Mr. Strong is expected home soon?"

She turned and looked at him then, all the transient color ebbing out of her face.

"Yes," she said; "he told me in his last letter that it would not be long now before he returned."

"But I mean"—he hesitated—"immediately, almost any day."

Ninon turned paler still.

"They told you so at the Cottage?" she said.

"Are you sure of it?"

"They were looking for the arrival of his ship at any moment."

There was a pause, broken only by the hissing of the neglected urn and the leaping of the fire.

Then Ninon said, smiling painfully—

"Well, you will soon be released from your promise.

"You will be rid of me then for good."

"Do you expect me to be sorry?" demanded her cousin, with an uneasy laugh. "You are not the least troublesome charge in the world, you know."

"Oh, be satisfied!" she answered.

"You shall not want an excuse for breaking with me.

"Most people give me up sooner or later. My step-mother knows that.

"She will never blame you."

"Do you suppose I am thinking of myself?" demanded Brian hotly.

"Why should not you think of yourself?" she answered drearily.

"Why should not you follow my example?

"But what does it matter, provided that Tiffany is safe?

"I suppose Dick will take care of me.

"He never minded any trouble where I was concerned, poor fellow!

"He never could be brought to see how little I was worth it!"

Mr. Beaufoy was silent.

And at that moment Madame Du Mottay came into the room with a flutter of ribbons and a waft of perfume.

"My dear Brian," she said, "how nice it is to see you back!

"I hope Ninon has been taking care of you.

"I positively could not get away from those people before.

"Sir Harry has been telling all our fortunes with the cards.

"It was so amusing.

"But"—she looked at the tea-table when she had kissed her brother—"do you mean to say that naughty child has not given you a cup of tea yet?

"Ninon!

"And I left you to see after his comfort! No; you shall not make it now!

"And, besides, you are tired, you look pale.

"Sit down, and I will administer to you both.

"Well, and what have you been doing, Brian?

"Where have you been?

"Whom have you seen?

"Did you come across Gaston by any chance in Paris, or is he still listening to the '*Invitation a la Valse*' in Brittany?"

Then Mr. Beaufoy, in order to give Ninon time to recover herself, began to recount his adventures in Paris, greatly to the amusement of his sister.

"You went sight-seeing," she cried—"you—Brian Beaufoy?"

"Why not?" he asked imperturbably. "I had no idea until now what an interesting place Paris is.

"I mean the Paris outside of the Boulevards and the Bois.

"Tiff and I just enjoyed ourselves immensely."

"But how did you manage to dress the child?" demanded Madame Du Mottay, arching her eyebrows.

"How do you mean 'dress her'?

"She had on a very nice dark gown of some sort.

"She looked right enough."

"Do you mean to tell me," Florry said faintly, "that you took her about with you just as you found her in that house at Batignolles?"

"I certainly did."

"Good Heaven!"

Madame Du Mottay set down the tea-pot with a little crash, and turned to Ninon with a whole tragedy in her eyes.

"Brian!

"Are you quite sure no one saw you?"

"I really don't know.

"I had something else to think about.

"Tiff kept me busy.

"I assure you her thirst for knowledge is unquenchable.

"I had to rub up all my old studies in the various galleries and museums."

"Good Heaven!" ejaculated Madame Du Mottay again.

"Ninon, do you hear what he says?

"And no doubt you went to the Francais—or some deeply exciting production or other!"

"We did," assented Brian cheerfully; "and we ate oranges between the acts."

Florry gave vent to a little scream.

"Spare us the rest," she cried feebly, "especially as it is time to dress for dinner!

"Ninon, will you have some more tea?

"No?

"Then go and make yourself pretty.

"You are still looking pale.

"No wonder, after Brian's confession about the oranges!"

She stood up and prepared to go.

"By-the-way," she said, turning round again as she reached the door, "I have had a line from Quentin; he comes back to-morrow, so as to be in time for the ball.

"And now I really must run away.

"Ninon, don't be late!"

She was gone, and an uncomfortable silence followed her exit.

Brian had seen, with a sudden sense of anger, that at the very mention of his brother's name Ninon's pale face had begun to burn with a great bright flush.

"She turns pale at the mention of the man whose promised wife she is," he thought bitterly; "and for Quentin she has only blushes and downcast eyes."

Ninon was slowly preparing to follow Madame Du Mottay.

She walked as if she was very tired, dragging her long blue gown wearily after her across the polished floor.

All at once Brian stopped her.

"Ninon," he said abruptly, laying his hand upon her arm, "you have not forgotten your promise?

"You—you have not written to Quentin again?"

She raised her eyes to his, and he saw that they were full of anguish.

All the sudden bright color had left her cheeks again.

"Did I not promise?" she said.

"Why do you think it necessary to ask the question?"

"Answer me," Brian returned curtly.

"Have you written to Quentin?

"Did you know that he was coming back to-morrow?"

"I have not written to him," she said, her lips beginning to tremble.

"I have answered you; now please let me go"—for the young man still kept his hand upon her arm—"I shall be late for dinner."

"You have answered only half my question," Mr. Beaufoy said, the lines deepening ominously between his brows.

"I asked you whether you knew that he was coming back for the ball."

"Ah," she said bitterly, "you doubt me still!

"Well, if you cannot believe in my promises, why should you believe any assurance I could make you now?

"I will not say another word!

"Think what you like of me—only let me go."

He took his hand from her arm without another word; in a moment more she was gone, and he was alone, pale, disturbed, miserable, by the dying fire.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"NINON," said Madame Du Mottay, as they rose from luncheon, "I am going to drive to Marybridge to give some orders this afternoon.

"You may as well come too; we will go to the station afterwards and meet Quentin's train."

Ninon was about to assent with some eagerness—she was most anxious to avoid a first meeting with Quentin alone—when looking instinctively at Brian, she saw that his face had darkened as his sister spoke, and the words died on her lips.

"Oh, thank you, Florry!" she said rather hurriedly.

"But I think I must write to aunt Dorothy and to Tiff this afternoon, so as to be able to enjoy the ball with a perfectly tranquil conscience.

"You don't mind?"

"Mind, my dear child!

"But no!

"I will take Laura Durham instead. She is a little less starched than the other girls. Can I bring you anything from Marybridge—I mean anything that is likely to be found in that centre of fashion?

"No?

"Good-bye then.

"I will tell Quentin that a stern sense of duty prevents you from coming to his rencounter—going to meet him, one says, I think, in English?"

Ninon went at once to her own room, not caring to be left alone with Brian any more than with his brother.

It seemed to her that he had returned to even more than his original coldness towards her, fearing perhaps, as she told herself bitterly, that she might attach undue importance to the service he had rendered her, or value it at more than its worth.

"He need not be afraid," the girl thought sighing, as she sat down to write her letters.

"I know well enough that it is for Tiff's own dear little sake, and not for mine, that he has befriended her.

"And, whatever may be going to happen to me—I shall soon know the worst now—I believe he will be good to her always."

The pen fell from her hand, and she sat for a long time unconsciously gazing out of the window at which her writing-table stood on the swaying trees and drifting gray clouds without.

It was with an effort that she roused herself at last and took up the pen again, and, as she did so, her pale face was covered with a slow and painful blush.

"Let me remember how soon Dick will be home," she said half aloud, sighing again.

When she had finished her letters, there was still some time to spare, she found, before Madame Du Mottay and Quentin could arrive, and, putting on her hat and a warm jacket—for the October evening was wild and chill—she went down-stairs and let herself out at a side-door that opened into the gardens.

She wanted to be alone a little longer, and she had heard Sir Harry's voice as she crossed the hall.

It was evident he was not out with the rest of the guns, and she had no mind at that moment for his cheery companionship.

Under the swaying trees in the park, where the wind whistled and the drooping leaves swirled, she would have a last hour to herself before poor Quentin arrived, and all her perplexities began anew.

Thinking this, unconsciously her feet turned in the direction by which they had approached the house together that moonlit night—the path that led to the little door in the park wall, of which Quentin used to carry the key in his pocket at all times.

Hardly a leaf was left upon the hazels in the coppices; the ground beneath her feet was strewn with fallen pine-cones and the russet fronds of the withering bracken.

The ineffable melancholy of autumn was in the air, was rustling in the branches, was sighing in the wind, as the girl walked on aimlessly, lost in her own unhappy thoughts.

Now and then a hare started at her approach and darted across the path, or a pheasant whirred on some branch above her head.

Otherwise the beautiful old mossy path was as tranquil and as deserted as when she had walked there last in the midsummer moonlight, unhappy, as she remembered, even then, but having at least no lie upon her conscience, nor the knowledge in her mind of Brian Beaufoy's dislike and contempt.

If she could have foreseen then all that his coming home was to lead to.

If she had known that, like Gillian Beaufoy before her, she was to cause dissension between the two brothers of the house, and that, having done this—how she did not well know—and brought upon herself the disdain of both men, she would be forced, shuddering, reluctant, rebellious, to humble herself before one of them, to crave for his protection, to confess that by a falsehood she had dragged him down to her own level, to throw herself with an abject appeal for mercy at his very feet!

The girl clenched her hands involuntarily as she walked.

Sometimes the weight of her intolerable humiliation was almost more than she could bear.

To be ruled by a man who had never taken any pains to conceal his disapproval of her, who had appeared to conceive a sudden dislike to her at their first meeting; to have to yield to him in all things; to be forced to appear at his bidding cruel and heartless of the poor fellow whose only fault had been in loving her too well; to be suspected and doubted even when, as to-day, she had been merely anxious to spare them both any further pain!

"Ah, it is to this I have fallen!" Ninon thought miserably.

"I know now how women feel who have lost their self-respect and their right to the esteem of a good man.

"He could not trust me to meet Quentin as Dick's promised wife should meet him. He does not even believe that I have kept the word he wrung from me that day in the library.

"He thinks that I have written to Quentin, and that it is that which brings him back."

At that moment she heard the sound of footsteps approaching her through the rustling leaves with which the long path was strewn.

She stopped nervously.

A bend in the walk prevented her from seeing who was coming.

Perhaps it might be only one of the gardeners or keepers, but perhaps too it might be Brian, and she dreaded a meeting with him as much as if she had been a naughty child discovered in the act of playing truant.

She stood still helplessly, and the steps drew nearer, turned round in the path and the clump of hazels, and then, with a quick pang of fear, she saw that it was not Brian, but Quentin who was coming to meet her.

What should she do?

They had not met since the night when he had flung the ring at her feet with such scorching contempt.

Would he speak to her, or pass her by? Ought she to turn back and avoid him? While she stood hurriedly pondering all this, her heart beating as if it would suffocate her, Quentin took the decision out of her hands by speaking her name in a tone of eager delight.

She shook hands with him then, relieved beyond measure.

He was not angry; she need have no further dread of his quarrelling with Brian on her account.

The sudden relief the girl felt was almost too much for her.

She trembled from head to foot, even while she tried to smile at him.

"Have you missed Florry?" she said, as lightly as she could. "She has driven into Marybridge with Miss Durham to meet your train."

There was a look in the young man's face which touched her to the quick.

She thought he must have been ill.

"When was Florry ever in time for anything?" he answered, imitating Ninon's lightness with tolerable success. "But in the present instance I am distinctly grateful for her lack of punctuality, since it has spared me the ordeal of a drive with Laura Durham, and given me the pleasure of a walk with you."

"I—I was not thinking of turning back just yet," Ninon stammered.

It would not do, she had hastily remembered, for them to go back to the house together. Would not Brian be persuaded then that her refusal to accompany Florry had merely been a ruse to enable her to meet Quentin thus alone—by appointment.

"But you will let me walk with you all the same?" Quentin said quickly. "Don't refuse me that."

"No—why should I refuse such a simple thing as that?" answered Ninon, still trying to speak lightly.

"But you must be tired.

"You had better go on to the house. I will be back by the time Florry gets home, to give you all some tea."

There was a pause. Then Quentin said, his eyes fixed intently on the girl's unhappy face——

"You mean that I must walk with you?"

"What nonsense!" Ninon began; but he interrupted her almost rudely.

"You got my letter?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, looking helplessly about her, as though hoping for some one to rescue her from her dilemma.

"Yes, I got it, Quentin. I did not answer it because——"

"Because you had consented to what I asked."

"No!" she cried hastily. "Of course not! You had no right to ask it. I did not answer you because——"

Again there was a pause.

"Because," Quentin said, with a bitter smile taking up her broken sentence—"because Brian forbade you to do so, no doubt."

She started, and the color rushed into her wan face.

"Yes," she admitted that curtly; "that was the reason."

He kept silence for a few moments. The wind was rising, and blowing the leaves beneath their feet into little drifts; the gray October dusk was closing about them.

"That reminds me," began Quentin again abruptly—"I have not yet offered you my congratulations on your engagement to my brother."

She put out her hands with a sudden gesture.

"Don't!" she cried, wincing.

"It is not worth while."

"Not worth while?"

He looked at her curiously, but persisted. "Not worth while, when Brian is master of the Priory and the best match in the county?

"I am afraid I behaved very badly when I first heard the news; but you will admit that it was rather unexpected, and you will allow me now to offer you my apologies."

"Oh, don't, Quentin!" she said again imploringly.

"Pray don't talk to me like that.

"Can't we be friends?

"Since you have come back, is it not a sign that you have forgiven me for any pain I may have caused you?"

She held out a trembling little hand to him; but he put it aside.

"I came back," he said, in a hard voice, "because I believed by your silence that you had consented to grant my request."

"No—no," she said wretchedly. "How could I?

"I—I wanted to write and tell you that you must not come, expecting that of me. But Brian forbade me to write; and he—he has the right to forbid me.

"I had to obey.

"But, oh, Quentin, need you make it all harder for me than it is?

"Heaven knows I am bad enough, but I do not quite deserve what you are thinking of me.

"It is too dreadful—it is almost more than I can bear!"

The tears had risen in her eyes as she stood looking at him and letting her rejected hand fall again by her side.

"It is I who am to blame for coming," the young fellow answered.

"I suppose, if I had a spark of manliness left in me, I should not be here, and I would not have urged upon you a request which is so distasteful.

"But you might have sent me a line."

"I could not," she urged, a sob rising in her throat.

"Don't you see that I could not?"

"I see that there is nothing for it but to take myself off again.

"I am clearly in the way in my brother's house.

"I believe there is no train until to-morrow; but I can go to the inn.

"I——"

She caught hold of his arm with both her hands.

"Quentin," she said wretchedly, "I implore you not to make me so unhappy! Do you think that I can bear to know that it is I who am driving you away?"

Her fair stricken face was lifted to his in the dusky light, as if trying to read there some sign of relenting, her hands clinging to him.

At that most unlucky moment Mr. Beaufoy and one of his guests, having also adopted the short cut across the park, turned the corner by the clump of hazel-trees, and saw the two tall young figures standing together against the fading sky and the dark boles of the elms.

Quentin shook hands with both the men. Miss Masserene stood, as white as a sheet, where he had left her, as he advanced a few steps to meet them.

Then he strolled on with the young Squire, leaving Brian to walk back with Ninon.

"Florry was late for the train," she said, trying to smile, as Mr. Beaufoy joined her, "and Quentin preferred to walk home."

"So I see," answered Brian curtly.

"He had the key of the gate, I suppose. I remember he let me into the park with it—once"—hesitating.

"But I was very much surprised to meet him here this evening."

Silence on Mr. Beaufoy's part.

Ninon began to flush and tremble piteously.

"I had a—a slight headache; and so I thought I would come out for half an hour after I had finished my letters——"

"Pray spare me any further untruths, Ninon," the young man said gravely. "I was foolish enough to believe you when you assured me that you had not written to Quentin.

"If it were not that Mr. Strong is daily expected, and that I am anxious about Tiffany, I should refuse to keep up the contemptible farce in which you have involved me for a single moment longer.

"You are absolutely unworthy of an honest man's belief."

She did not speak, but walked on slowly by his side, looking straight before her at the fading streak of yellow in the low gray sky.

The wind was rising and blowing more keenly; with every gust that shook the branches, more dead leaves fell across the path.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Almost Sacrificed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

CLARA slept, after some wearisome and bitter hours, calmly and deeply.

Her dreams even were undisturbed.

She was rather living over again the past, the happy early past, than the later hours of her life.

Her first waking thought was the happy one, "Alwynne is come."

Then came the dispiriting chill, the reflection that he was no longer her Alwynne. Another claimed him; another had nearer rights to his interest, his care, his thoughts, his attention.

She was to be reserved and calm and quiet—the unrestraint that was the chief charm of her intimacy with Alwynne was to be checked.

She must act a part, and in thus acting mar her whole nature and create a false impression.

Even if he were to be the husband of another, she could not but desire that he should preserve a favorable opinion of his little playmate.

She resolved to do her best; and rose with the pleasant consciousness that a new element, a new excitement had entered her monotonous life.

As she usually was late in the mornings, she could not make her appearance before the accustomed hour, lest she should incur the taunt of seeking Alwynne, whom she saw out on the lawn before she was dressed. And when she did make her appearance, she found no one in the breakfast-room but her step-mother, who appeared to be in one of her sullen, taciturn moods, and vouchsafed but a bare "good morning" when Clara entered, and seated herself at the table.

The girl was too proud to ask questions, and contented herself with looking about her, and drawing her own inferences while breakfasting, or pretending to breakfast.

Eleanor's little dog was not in his usual place, so she knew that her step-sister had gone out.

Alwynne's hat was absent from the hall, and the marks of horses' feet were observable in the carriage drive, on which the breakfast-room looked.

Clara felt tolerably certain that they were galloping at the moment over the wide stretch of country before her, and she longed to be with them on that fair, bright summer morning.

"What horse did Alwynne take?" she asked, suddenly.

Mrs. Nugent started at the abrupt question.

"Mr. Compton had his own.

"Two horses arrived last night—one a beautiful Arab, for a lady."

"Then he intends to stay for some time."

"I have not timed his visit.

"He is welcome for your father's sake," was the cold reply.

Another pause.

"It is wonderful how Eleanor has suddenly found a taste for early rising," said Clara, provokingly, for her inmost heart was stirred.

"She is usually later than I am."

"Mr. Compton asked her to ride last night.

"Of course she could not refuse.

"Pray, Clara, do not let envy make you satirical.

"Nothing is so odious.

"If you are dull, you can go into the park.

"We expect a friend of Mr. Compton's to-day to dine.

"Perhaps that may compensate for his being beyond your reach.

"You may find the friend more available than your old playmate, as you call him."

The latter portion of Mrs. Nugent's speech was evidently intended to annoy Clara upon a point about which she felt most acutely, and Clara determined that it should fail.

"Certainly, mamma.

"Any friend of Alwynne's will be welcome.

"Meanwhile I will go and gather some of the ferns he used to be so fond of."

And Clara carelessly left the room, and, taking her hat from the hall, wandered into the park.

She came to the rich fernery that was partly natural, partly artificial, in a remote portion of the park, and, leaning her head on the ivy-covered trunk of a tree, fell into a reverie.

The air was hazy with summer warmth, and the hum of insects, the busy twitter of the birds, the distant lowing of the herds, all tended to compose the fevered brain, and she sank unconsciously into a doze.

How long it lasted she could not tell. But on waking she found herself covered by an Indian tiger-skin that she supposed must belong to Alwynne.

A paper lay beside her, with a spirited sketch of herself lying among the ferns, and a favorite dog gazing cunningly at her from among the pines.

Evidently Alwynne had sought her, and had watched over her; but why he did not wake her she could not imagine; and Clara took her way home with mingled feelings of gratification and disappointment. Ordering a glass of wine and a biscuit to be brought to her, she sought her own sitting-room, for she found, to her surprise, that she had been out for some hours, and that luncheon had already been served.

Clara determined not to deserve so ill of Alwynne's regard as to waste her hours in idle and fruitless regrets; and, resolutely setting to work on a long-delayed task, she commenced the arrangement of a large old-fashioned oak cabinet which contained all her treasures.

The said treasures consisted chiefly of childish relics and girlish souvenirs, but they were beyond price to the orphan; and the tall cabinet had been her father's, and, as such, was very dear to her.

She was standing on a stool, rummaging the uppermost shelf by way of beginning her task methodically, when a voice was heard behind her—

"May I come in?"

She started, and nearly fell from her elevated position, as she saw Alwynne standing in the doorway.

A bright welcome rose to her lips, but the next moment she remembered her resolve, and, stepping down, she said, quietly—

"Certainly, if you please; but I am in a very untidy state to receive visitors.

"I was just beginning a regular rearrangement of my treasures.

"Had you a pleasant ride this morning?"

He evidently saw her altered manner, and with an odd look gazed in her face; but her eyes were lowered, so he could not read their expression.

At last he seemed to remember that she had asked him a question, and he replied, abruptly—

"No, not at all."

Clara looked up wonderingly, and nearly forgot her resolve in her surprise at the bland reply.

"You never ride," he said.—"No."

"You do not like riding, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am very fond of it, but Mrs. Nugent thinks the exercise too violent for me; so I gave it up.

"Eleanor rides my horse."

"If riding is supposed to be bad for your health, are not painting and drawing worse?" he asked, glancing at an easel and drawing-table and some sketches on the wall.

"I do neither now.

"Such accomplishments are voted dangerous."

"You have books, I see," he said, glancing at a well-filled book-case.

"Yes; I am allowed as many as I like. They keep me quiet; and a girl of literary tastes is not cared for or admired except by a few old people."

"I see you avail yourself of the liberty. Here are books in four languages, a good sprinkling of ancient classics, and modern works of poetry and history.

"Does the literary young lady enjoy Sophocles as well as Schiller?"

"Papa liked one, Mrs. Nugent hates me to read the other, so I read both."

She tried to speak calmly and with dignity, but Alwynne laughed outright, and so infectiously that Clara could hardly help joining him.

"I beg your pardon, Clara; but that speech was so like those of my little wilful pet of old that it was irresistible. Now proceed, and let me help you."

"I am only making room for new treasures by putting the old on the upper shelves. You can help me by handing them up, for it tires me to get up and down." And Alwynne quickly stepped forward to render assistance.

"Why, Clara, what a hoarder you are!" he exclaimed.

"Here are the little Hindoo images I sent you years since.

"I thought they had returned to their original dust long ago."

The girl laughed constrainedly.

"Ah, I have not had so many gifts since papa died that I should wish to part with things that I hold sacred because he had seen and liked them," she said, the tears springing to her eyes.

Alwynne did not appear to notice them, but began humming, and then broke off to ask—

"What do you keep in all these little drawers?

"May I look?"

"Certainly; I have no secrets. There—I am going to arrange these shells myself; they are too minute for masculine fingers or patience."

For some minutes there was silence. Clara appeared absorbed in her shells, and Alwynne was opening drawer after drawer, humming softly to himself, and carefully replacing the contents with a neat and quiet order that improved what he touched. A half-stifled exclamation made Clara start and look up.

A secret drawer—one that she believed closed to all but herself—stood open, and Alwynne was gazing so intently at its contents that he scarcely observed his companion.

They were very simple and few—a small silver-mounted whip, a cluster of rich, black, glossy curls, and a picture of a handsome Spanish boy were all that the inmost repository of the cabinet contained.

Clara stood paralyzed for an instant; then she sprang from her pedestal, shut the door of the cabinet with a crash, and stood before it pale and shivering with a deeper emotion still than the anger that flashed from her eyes.

"How dare you open that drawer, Alwynne?

"I will never forgive you."

The expression of the face strange and excited; Alwynne gazed at it with eyes full of anxious inquiry rather than of sorrow or resentment.

"You told me to look where I liked. I knew well the hidden spring, which your father showed me long before you could have known it.

"How could I imagine there was a secret when you said there was none?"

"I forgot you knew the cabinet," she said, hurriedly; "it was my fault, and I am punished.

"Please go away, and say nothing to Mrs. Nugent or Eleanor; and—and don't think about me any more.

"There, there—please go away; I don't want the misery of questions.

"Leave me, Alwynne—leave me, and never come near me alone again."

Clara could not recover herself; she felt that she had betrayed a secret that she would have died to conceal, at least since the events of the last twenty-four hours. But he did not go; he stood looking at the passionate face, the clenched fingers, with a grave seriousness in his face.

"Clara, dear Clara, what does all this mean?

"You are troubled; I entreat you to confide in me.

"Believe me, I will not betray your trust. Am I not your childhood's brother, your parents' cherished, adopted son?

"Have you learned distrust among the other lessons of your sad life—distrust of me, Clara?"

But the girl was too deeply moved to be amenable to such soothing.

Only one thought possessed her; Alwynne—the promised husband of another—had divined her secret, and she must be degraded in his eyes.

She would not accept his pity—at least she had not sunk so low as that.

"I am weak and nervous," she said, trying to rally her energies.

"Please leave me, Alwynne; I shall recover when left alone.

"The dressing-bell will ring directly; you will only bring fresh misery on me if you remain."

He gave one more sad, gentle glance at the girl as she flung herself on her couch and hid her face with a passionate abandonment that he could scarcely comprehend, and then he left the room quietly.

Presently Clara stood up and walked to the mirror.

Her face was white, and her eyes looked unusually bright and sparkling—perhaps from contrast with the colorless skin; her hair hung loosely round her face, adding to its worn aspect.

"He said that she was beautiful," she thought; "certainly she can have no rival in this white, plain face;" and with a cold smile she turned from the toilette table and rang her bell.

The maid was one chosen by the step-mother, and by no means a favorite with her young mistress.

But Clara generally allowed her to dress her as she pleased, and her wardrobe was as yet not so well filled as to need much deliberation in choice of attire. But now Clara's mind changed.

She would at least show Alwynne that her claims were not so utterly despicable. She would display some taste, if not beauty, in the eyes of her scornful step-sister and cruel guardian, and no depression of spirits or ghastly paleness should betray how deeply she was suffering.

She chose a black silk dress, trimmed with rich soft lace, and donned as her sole ornament the large pearl brooch and earrings that Alwynne had brought her the day before.

Her hair was parted back from the face, and gathered up in soft, glossy folds behind the ears, from which one or two wavy tresses escaped in irrepressible curls. Her cheeks were still somewhat pale, but the style of dress adopted accorded with the intellectual, thoughtful expression that sat on the girlish features.

The glow of youth, the fire which blazed from the eyes and mobile lips were gone, but in its place was the tasteful refinement, the thoughtful intellect, of the highest type of woman.

She descended to the hall.

Eleanor, dressed in a rich rose-colored silk, with a set of pearls on her neck and arms, was preceding her to the drawing-room.

Clara drew back slightly and watched her enter.

Alwynne was talking busily with a strange gentleman, but instantly turned as the rustle of her dress was heard, and met her with a kind inquiry as to her recovery from the fatigue of the ride.

Clara quietly stole into the room and observed the stranger guest with an interest that could arise only from his connection with Alwynne.

He was somewhat older than Alwynne—grave and calm, almost cold, in aspect and manner.

His face was not handsome.

There was a worn look on the features, a thoughtful, almost anxious, expression in the deep-set eyes that was scarcely consistent with any physical attraction. And yet Clara was drawn towards him by a fascination far more powerful than beauty. She instinctively recognized the indications of a kindly heart, a powerful intellect, and an earnest life in those somewhat irregular and sharpened features.

And, as his glance rested on her with an expression of extreme and powerful interest—she did not shrink from it as she would have done from the gaze of a perfect stranger.

Alwynne's eyes seemed to follow his. He hastily advanced to Clara, and presented his friend to her as "Doctor Fairfax, the brother of the lady who saved my life in India," introducing her to him as "My early playmate and adopted sister, Miss Clara Nugent."

The next instant the dinner bell rang, and Doctor Fairfax took Clara in to dinner, while a middle-aged friend of the family, who was invited, escorted Mrs. Nugent, and Alwynne took Eleanor.

Clara watched the manner of the two to each other.

It appeared to her that there was a new and excellent understanding between both of them.

She looked at her companion. Would Doctor Fairfax be content for his sister to be even temporarily overlooked for a beautiful girl like Eleanor?

But his face was unmoved; he appeared to find amusement and pleasure in "drawing out" his new acquaintance.

He seemed instinctively to guess that Clara was fond of books, and soon managed to engage her in so animated and interesting a conversation that for the time she forgot her pain, and was talking with a freedom and cordiality that she could have scarcely believed possible with a stranger.

Alwynne's eyes were not turned in the direction of Clara, nor did he address a word to the young girl—indeed it seemed as if he had no interest in her dialogue with Doctor Fairfax.

But a slight incident in the middle of the dessert altered her opinion.

Clara was speaking of some book to the Doctor, and paused for its name.

Alwynne suddenly turned and supplied it.

"I scarcely ever heard you talk so much before, Clara; Fairfax, you have managed to touch the magic spring."

The words were unlucky, for they recalled the occurence of the afternoon, and Clara gave an involuntary shiver and her expression changed.

Doctor Fairfax noticed it, and the next minute he had addressed a question to Eleanor across the table about some new opera, of a copy of which he had caught a glimpse on the piano before dinner.

"Ah, it is very sad; I am told the composer is gone mad," said Eleanor, carelessly.

Again a cold shiver came over Clara's frame.

"How was it," asked Alwynne—"from any special cause, Miss Le Grande?"

"Oh, I suppose it was due to too much study, or perhaps some sudden disappointment," observed the third guest, Mr. Norman, quietly.

Alwynne turned to the gentleman, as Clara thought with a look of warning which he scarcely understood; but it stopped him suddenly, and Clara gazed inquiringly into the countenances around her.

A terrible idea seized her.

Alwynne must have some reason for his glance.

She recalled his long talk with her mother on the previous evening, and his earnest, anxious examination of herself on the afternoon when she had been so wildly agitated.

Could it be that she was in any danger, or that some horrible fate was in store for her? Her strange sensations, the flutterings of her heart, the faintness, the wild, eager excitement that fevered her brain—were all these signs of incipient insanity?

She had heard that her mother died of heart-disease, and had always attributed her own ill-health, mental and bodily, to the same cause.

Now a new dread seized Clara. She then turned to her companion, while the others were engaged in an animated conversation about authors and publishers, and asked him abruptly—

"What are the symptoms of heart-disease, Doctor Fairfax?"

Mrs. Nugent's attention was seldom drawn from her step-daughter, and Clara fancied that she turned nervously at the question. But Doctor Fairfax was on his guard.

"Allow me to forget my profession, Miss Nugent, and defer a reply till a more fitting time."

She listened to her kind neighbor with an absent yet grateful attention.

She saw that he watched her, and the consciousness made her still more nervous.

Her replies were few and wide of the mark.

The sudden thrill of animation and ready interchange of thought which Doctor Fairfax had admired were gone as if by some evil sorcery, and the pale, nervous, silent Clara of a few hours remained.

She was scarcely aware of the change. She could hardly realize how peculiar her manner must appear to those who could not understand the inner workings of her mind.

She only knew that a buzz of conversation was sounding in her ears, and that Doctor Fairfax, after one or two attempts, had ceased to speak to her.

Then she saw that her step-mother was rising, and Mr. Norman was apologising for taking a hurried leave, and soon after, as if in a dream, she found herself in the drawing-room with Mrs. Nugent and Eleanor.

She scarcely knew what she was doing.

The idea that possessed her was fast gaining hold on her mind, and coloring every object round her.

Her excitable nature, her fits of passionate feeling and resentment, her delicate nerves—all were proofs that some secret mischief existed.

She involuntarily strolled on, until the sound of voices warned her that she was near the dining-room.

It was Alwynne who spoke.

Clara was no eavesdropper, but she heard her own name, and she could not resist the temptation to listen.

"Fairfax, you have seen her now—tell me what you really think."

"Whom? Miss Le Grande? What would Lina say?"

"Nonsense! You know whom I mean—Clara Nugent."

"Well, what sort of thoughts do you wish me to reveal at your bidding—whether she is as attractive as her step-sister or my own pet Lina?"

"No," was the brief reply; I can decide that myself. I mean as to my danger to—to her health."

"She is very delicate and excitable; that is all I can say at present."

"Can you save her?"

"I will do my best. But tell me if it is hereditary."

"I fear so. Her mother confided to me that——"

But here his voice sank so low that Clara could not catch the words.

"Any others?" asked Doctor Fairfax, calmly.

"Not that I am aware of; but for her mother's sake—for the sake of the promise which I told you of long since—I am bound to wait till it is decided by undoubted testimony.

"Fairfax, you will not fail me?

"You know how much depends on it. Till I have ascertained this, I cannot—dare not seek my happiness.

"At present I am scarcely master of myself, and must trust to your observations and judgment rather than my own."

"I willingly devote myself to the little heiress and her symptoms. But you must arrange matters with her step-mother.

"I saw her look at us at dinner, when we were speaking, with a not very amiable expression."

"Oh, I will take care of all that; but stand my friend in the case.

"If I were not hampered by my promise, I should not care, but act as my own desires prompt, and send at once for your father and Lina to complete matters."

Clara waited to hear no more. Her distress was complete.

She, the envied heiress of Temple Nugent, young, pretty, and rich, was the most wretched of human beings.

She scarcely knew how she left the terrace, or in what way she reached her room, but when once in its shelter she awoke to a full sense of her misery.

Alwynne believed her mad, ill, dying!

He was restrained by his promise to her mother from abandoning her to her fate, from hastening to his bride-elect, and consummating his happiness.

It was not that he cared for her.

No, it was only pity chained him to her side—it was only his given word induced him to sacrifice his own hopes to her service.

And she—poor Clara—what a fate was reserved for her—an early grave or a living death!

Her brain reeled, visions danced before her eyes, voices whispered in her ears, mocking laughter seemed to issue from the walls and portraits till she sank at last into a swoon which rendered her insensible to everything.

Thus she lay till tea was served, when Alwynne and Doctor Fairfax inquired for the young heiress, and a servant was despatched to inquire the reason of her absence.

Marie found her young lady unconscious, and at once gave an alarm.

Nothing could be more charming than Mrs. Nugent's anxious distress for her step-daughter.

Nothing could equal the zeal with which all the directions of Doctor Fairfax were carried out—nothing exceed the fervor of the step-mother's thanks to him for his kindness.

Clara at length revived sufficiently to be undressed and placed in bed, and Marie was left in charge during the remainder of the evening.

"It is a severe attack on the nerves, Mrs. Nugent," pronounced the Doctor, when all had left the sick-room.

"Extreme gentleness and care, and complete absence of the least agitation, are essential to my patient in her present state, Till the morning I can give no further opinion."

And he moved towards the library where Alwynne was awaiting him.

"It is a serious case, Compton. Mrs. Nugent's heart is very sensitive, and her brain feverish and excited, and yet all may be well, with good care and attention.

"Without them, I will not give much for the poor girl's chance." And he left Alwynne to prepare from Mrs. Nugent's chest some medicine for his patient.

Meanwhile the volatile Marie had chosen to feel so nervous "at being alone with Miss Clara when she was crazy" that she had begged Mrs. Nugent's maid to keep her company for an hour or two while the other servants were eating their supper.

The two were talking in low whispers; but Clara, presumed to be unconscious of all that was passing near her, could distinguish nearly every word of the dialogue carried on in the room adjoining the one in which she lay.

"Well, all I say," observed Mrs. Nugent's maid, "is, that it is a pity she does not go altogether and leave the property to those who can enjoy it, for it's plain she will always be a poor sickly thing, even if she gets over this.

"Now Miss Eleanor's another sort of young lady."

"What do you mean, Ann?" inquired Marie. "It makes no difference to Miss Eleanor, does it, whether Miss Clara lives or dies?

"She's not the same blood any way."

"Very true, Marie; but then, you see, there are many ways of managing these matters, and it was not likely a clever woman like my mistress would not look out for the future where a delicate creature like Miss Clara was the only bar, as you may say, to herself and Miss Eleanor.

"Why, the mother struggled almost between life and death, and Mrs. Nugent's brother went something wrong in the head. Be that as it may, however, my mistress got Mr. Nugent to put a codicil, I think they call it, to the will in which the property was left to Miss Eleanor in case of Miss Clara dying unmarried, or before she was twenty-one.

"And so, you see, I think it shows great goodness on my lady's part to have been so careful of her; for goodness knows she was never without a doctor, and never allowed to put her foot on the damp grass, or to get on a horse, or anything that might have killed her and made Miss Eleanor an heiress. It is a hundred chances to one whether the girl lives and keeps her senses."

A summons from Mrs. Nugent broke off the dialogue, but Clara had heard enough. She was doomed, worse than all, had been doomed from childhood—doomed from the hereditary curse of her race, and still more from the cruel and deliberate malice of others.

The girl felt like one in a nightmare.

She had no power to move or speak; nor could she realise the revelation that had been made.

An icy numbness seemed to bind every limb, and her brain and nerves were in a state of unnatural tension that deprived her of all power to think or express her thoughts rationally and consecutively.

Was it really at hand?

Was she going mad?

Were these strange feelings symptoms of a coming paroxysm?

Such were the ideas that flitted through the sufferer's fevered brain as she lay in the lonely chamber, with all those maddening words in her ears.

Presently the door opened, and Mrs. Nugent entered the room and approached Clara's bedside.

"Clara, dear, drink this; Doctor Fairfax has prepared it for you."

There was no reply. The lady bent over her.

"Clara, dear child," she murmured, in her softest tones, will you not drink your medicine? Doctor Fairfax says it will do you so much good."

A shiver, a slight movement of the eyelids was the only sign of life.

Mrs. Nugent held the glass to the girl's lips, and a few drops passed through them—only a few drops, for a hand was laid on the lady's arm which made her give a yell that would have stirred one far more insensible than Clara.

"Not yet, madame.

"I will not have my patient disturbed so unceremoniously, and, besides, the medicine will scarcely avail in that manner."

It was Doctor Fairfax who spoke. Mrs. Nugent gazed eagerly, strangely up at his face, but she could read nothing therein.

"It was your direction, Doctor Fairfax," she said, slowly, while Clara's eyes opened and wandered from her to the physician in feverish bewilderment.

"Yes, but the dose was not to be given immediately.

"All things considered, I think it will be better for you to retire and leave Miss Nugent in my care.

"I will give her the medicine at the right time, and before morning a fit and proper nurse will be here."

Mrs. Nugent's eyes flashed angrily.

"I do not understand you, Doctor Fairfax.

"These are strange liberties to take in my house, and with a young girl entirely under my charge."

"I will be responsible for them, madame," he returned, firmly.

"From the moment that you placed Miss Nugent under my professional care, you gave up your authority over her for the time.

"As to the freedom I am taking in your house, I divide that responsibility with Mr. Compton, who is himself gone in quest of a nurse who understands such cases as this young lady's better than you seem to do.

"Of course you are in a measure responsible to her other guardian as well as to your own conscience for every means being taken for her recovery."

The firm tone, the meaning look, recalled the agitated woman to herself.

"Certainly; and, if needful, I am willing to waive my rights for her sake, remember;" and the lady drew herself up haughtily.

"I quite understand you, madame. And now please to leave me with my patient; and I should prefer that one of the under-servants, whom Miss Nugent seldom sees, should be sent to assist me till the nurse arrives. It will be better for you just at present to see no face that she is accustomed to."

Presently Clara moaned strangely, and then moved feebly and with difficulty in her bed.

Her lips quivered and a faint sound came from them, but no audible word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

SKIN-GRAFTING.—In the operation known as skin-grafting, a doctor of Paris recently used at the same time grafts from the abdomen of a rabbit and skin from the forearm of a man. The skin from the rabbit gave much the better results, as it readily adhered and grew, while the other did not. Three months after the operation the healing of the sore had continued to progress favorably, and the engrafted skin showed no trace of its origin.

MINING LAMP.—As the Davy Lamp in mining is not sure, a really safe mining-lamp seems just now to be a thing wanted. Whether electricity will answer all the requirements of a miner's work or not, it is very certain that a long time must elapse before the electric light, even if suited to the purpose, can be installed in collieries. The lamp required must give a good light, must be portable, and more than all, to meet with universal attention, it must be cheap and simple.

WASTE MATERIALS.—At various iron-works in Scotland experiments on different scales have been made in connection with the smelting process, with a view to utilizing the waste gases before burning them, by extracting the tar and ammonia which were found to be present in the gases of all blast-furnaces where coal was used as fuel; and after much labor and numerous experiments, several firms have successfully solved the problem, in practical form, of extracting the tar and ammonia, as subsidiary products, from their blast-furnaces without in the slightest degree disturbing the process of smelting.

EARTHQUAKES.—The motion of heavy bodies like railway trains shakes the earth for considerable distances, and observation of such facts is gradually giving rise to the belief that the force necessary to produce earthquake shocks has been over-estimated. A delicate apparatus, recently invented, showed quite strong vibrations on the passing of an express train a third of a mile away, and like effects were observed even at somewhat greater distances. A perceptible vibration was transmitted through the ground whenever a stone was struck by the wheels of a one-horse vehicle passing at a distance of 400 or 500 feet.

Farm and Garden.

SENSITIVE JAWS.—Some horses are more sensitive than others in the upper jaw, and will not go up on the steel bar or snaffle upper-jaw bit. In such cases have a bit made of plain round leather, the usual size of the upper jaw bit.

SMALL AND LARGE.—An authority says that small or moderate plantations of fruit for selling in market are nearly always more profitable, if well managed, than great areas, which can rarely be attended to in the best manner.

POULTRY.—Fowls often take cold at this time of year. The sudden changes in the weather affect domestic animals about the same as their owners. Dry quarters, that admit no draughts of wind, are necessary to protect the fowls.

FRUIT TREES.—A fruit-grower placed tobacco-stems around the trunks of peach trees, and there is not the slightest sign of a borer in any of the trees so treated. He set the stems around the butts of the trees, and tied them at the top. It keeps off rabbits as well in winter.

HEAVES.—If you want to have no trouble with heaves in your horses be sure that they are fed no dusty and dirty hay, which is the prolific source of this annoyance. Ordinary clean hay can always be fed with safety if properly cut up, moistened and mixed with ground grain; but to feed the musty or dirty sorts is very injurious. Clover, owing to its liability to crumble, often gets dirty, even after storage, and should never be fed without being previously moistened.

HINTS.—Feed light when changing feed. Never let a horse stand long facing a cold wind. Always approach a strange horse near the shoulder. Common salt pressed in the cleft of the frog will frequently cure thrush. A horse regularly fed on the ground or floor will frequently spring in the knee. Mix occasionally one part of salt with four, five or six parts wood ashes, and give a tablespoonful in the horses' feed occasionally. It will promote appetite, and keep them in a healthy condition.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

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"A BLACK VEIL."

Under the above title we begin in this issue of THE POST, a new and absorbing serial. It is by the author of from "Gloom to Sunlight," "Weaker Than a Woman," etc., and equals, if it does not surpass, those charming stories in interest. We feel sure our readers will agree with us that it is one of the very best that has ever emanated from the pen of this fascinating writer.

THE SEASON OF SPRING.

When the dance of the hours brings back the happy smile of spring, the buried dead is born again in the life glance of the sun. Germs which perished to the eye within the cold breast of the earth, start up with joy in the bright realm of day. The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind all is blackness, darkness, and dissolution. Before is hope and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields reading, or walking with one another; and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things, will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at midday, and early rising in the mornings, and long moonlight evenings.

If spring came but once in a century, or burst forth with the sound of earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectations there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.

Yet it is not the multiplicity of tints, the gladness of tone, or the balminess of the air which delight in the spring; it is the spirit of hope, the prophecy of happy days to come; the endless variety of nature, the presentiments of eternal flowers which never shall fade, and sympathy with the blessedness of the ever-developing world.

It is a time full of sweet days and roses, and boxes full of compacted sweets, when every brake finds its note, and sunshine smiles in every flower. Like an omnipotent Raphäel, it stands out of doors and covers every spot with pictures. The spirit of the time is dressed. Her robe-folds are variegated valleys, her breast-bouquet is made of gardens, and her blush is a vernal evening.

But after all, it is only the year repeating its old story over again. We are coming once more to its most charming chapter. The violets are as its inscriptions and its vignettes. And we cannot but feel it is one of God's blessings that it always makes a pleasant impression on us when we again open at these pages of the book of life.

SANCTUM CHAT.

ONE physician at Urbana, Ohio, said that another had killed a small-pox patient by mistaking the disease for measles. The retort was that the first accuser had caused a death by something worse than a blunder. Suits for damages are in progress.

A HOSPITAL for the children of gentlemen of limited means—a class believed to be increasing both in number and necessity—has been established in England. It is a recognition of the fact, now becoming better known, that sometimes those who are the last to apply for help need it most, and that those who by hard struggle contrive to maintain independence do so sometimes at the price of absolute want.

COX, of Rutland, Vt., spent twenty-five years in growing a beard down to his waist, and then waited a minute or two over the twenty-four hours allowed him by the court to make up his mind to pay a fine or take a month's imprisonment for whisky-selling. The warden insisted upon shaving off the beard. Cox caught cold, nearly died, and is going through his third suit to recover damages, two favorable verdicts having been thrown out for informality.

THE lady President of Wellesley College says that the cause of the breaking down of the girls in that and other institutions in learning is the lack of proper physical care before entering. "Experience shows," she asserts, "that in the boarding-schools where a proper amount of exercise is compulsory, the students improve in health, but the college is not a place for invalids, and those who go there with weak constitutions and nervous prostration are likely to become ill. Girls have not as vigorous a physique as boys, but they are capable of greater endurance, and with proper care can sustain as thorough a course of mental training with benefit, rather than detriment, to their health."

IT is estimated that there are 200,000 beggars and vagabonds in the German Empire, including thieves, pickpockets and other swindlers, and the authorities estimate the annual loss to honest people by their operations at the enormous sum of $25,000,000. Many of these evil-doers are brought before the magistrates from time to time, but both judges and juries are accused of administering too mildly even the mild laws of Germany against vagabondage. The evil has become so great that the Government is understood to be preparing a severe law for bringing scoundrels of the vagabond class to justice.

THE methods of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, are illustrated by the following performance, which took place recently at Plymouth, England: "A rough-looking, bulky, man stepped forward, in a dilapidated jersey, and trousers to correspond, and related the blessings he had experienced as a result of his conversion. Suddenly, before the audience, the man loosed two or three strings, kicked off the jersey and trousers, and stood confessed in the smart uniform of the Army—trim, orderly and respectable. The transformation had a wonderful effect upon the audience. There was at first a murmur of surprise, and then a chorus of 'Hallelujahs' from all parts of the building."

KING HUMBERT, of Italy, drives himself about in a T cart, like any other quiet gentleman, in Rome. When his carriage gets blocked, as it frequently does in the narrower streets, he takes it more patiently than the foreigners do, who admire the way in which he sits and nods and laughs to acquaintances in the crowd. Both the King and Queen of Italy are exceedingly simple in their appearance in public. When the now Czar of Russia and his wife were last in Rome, they were always surrounded by guards. Humbert and Marguerite went to call upon the Russian Royalties, driven in a simple Victoria, and such was the modesty of their equipage that they could scarcely get through the guards.

THE subject of tree-planting is now being pressed upon the settlers of Western Minnesota and Dakota. Belts of timber have been substituted for pine fences as windbreaks along the exposed portions of the line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad; and it is said that the Northern Pacific Road is also about to test the efficiency of live fences to protect its tracks on the prairie from snow-drifts. A pine fence, such as the Western railroads have been using, costs about $600 a mile. The fence, to serve its purpose, must be at least eight feet high, and even such a one, stoutly built and with oak posts, is not a sufficient barrier against the drifts in a severe winter. Moreover, the boards are frequently stolen, and the strongest posts are liable to snap like twigs under the force of a prairie wind-storm.

RULES are very good generally, but sometimes a little humanity is vastly better. The inquest on a poor woman's child in London a few days ago illustrates this. The woman was homeless, and had for two weeks been sleeping with her child on door-steps and in alley-ways. But at last, noticing that the child was ill, she applied for admission to St. Giles' Workhouse. The sapient Bumbles of that institution curtly told her that she must show a note from the house where she had been sleeping the night before. The poor woman explained how things stood, but was sent off to get a reference from a lodging-house where she had been a fortnight previous. She could find no one there, but came back to the workhouse again—only, however, to be repulsed once more until the relieving officer had "made inquiries." The story turned out to be perfectly true, and she was ultimately admitted, just in time for the child to die in the house "from cold and exposure."

A WIG-MAKER let out a secret the other day. It was becoming fashionable, he said, for women to wear wigs. Wigs are not worn to cover baldness, or because even the hair is thin, but to save trouble, and as a precaution against accident. A woman who has straight hair is just now out of fashion as far as the head goes. She must crimp her hair and paste it into little waves and puffs around her forehead and down the sides of her head. This requires great care, and generally becomes burdensome after a time. Besides, hair that is not inclined to curl at all is apt to defy crimping-pins and pomade and straighten out at an inopportune moment. The wig-maker, therefore, has come to the rescue of women so unfortunate as to have rebellious hair. He makes wigs that may be worn on the front of the head, between the line of the forehead and the crown. The false hair is crimped and never straightens out.

"HOW can I whiten and soften my hands?" is a question that is asked by many a correspondent. Doubtless the way to do this is to avoid doing the work which has made your hands dark and rough, but often this work may be done with such care that the hands will not be injured. If one is obliged to sweep her house, to empty the ashes from the grate or stove, and to wash dishes, she cannot expect to keep her hands as white as idle hands are, but if she takes the precaution to put on a pair of old gloves or mittens when she is sweeping and doing dusty work, one cause of rough skin will be removed. Then there are preparations which one may use; powdered borax is excellent to soften the skin. A mixture which is said to be a sure cure for undue perspiration of the hands, is made of a quarter of an ounce of powdered alum, the white of one egg, and enough bran to make a thick paste. After washing your hands, apply this; let it remain on your hands for two or three minutes, and then wipe off with a soft dry cloth. Luke-warm water is better than hot or cold if the skin is inclined to be tender or to chap.

FASHIONS in gloves have changed suddenly. The very swell thing is for ladies to go gloveless when in full dress. The fashion is not at all popular yet, but bids fair to come into favor, as it has been set by several of the most advanced leaders. It is a violent change from the very long gloves that until recently were in fashion. The long gloves were a blessing to women with unattractive arms, but the women with good arms were not so enthusiastic over them. The victory is in favor of beautiful arms, which goes to prove that there are more of that sort than the other. However, it is a pretty hard matter to find a woman who doesn't think that her arms are beautiful. With men the fashion has also changed radically. It has not been the proper thing for men to wear gloves with evening dress for some years past. This season, however, both in London and in Paris, light gloves are worn. They should not be pure white. The great glove-makers claim that they will be ruined if women decide to go without gloves.

CONCERNING the rights of persons to damages, who are injured by railroad trains, a judge of this city lately said it was an imperative rule of law that a person stepping in front of a moving train took the risk, his duty being to stop, look, and listen. This duty was often disregarded, but all who did so took their lives in their own hands, and could not expect to hold the railroad company liable for the consequences. The rule was not made for the benefit of corporations, but was founded upon the consideration of the safety of passengers in trains. He referred to an accident, nearly thirty years ago, when a physician attempted to drive across a railroad track, and was struck by the engine. The result was the derailment of the train and the loss of over sixty lives. The case before him he considered rather a close one, but within the rule, as the plaintiff could have seen or heard a certain train had she stopped to look and listen while crossing the space between the track. The plaintiff was therefore guilty of contributory negligence, and not entitled to damages.

A SUNSET THOUGHT.

BY C. A. C.

Black hang the clouds above the darkened bay,
And sadly sighed the sea upon the strand,
Bordered with rocks, the outcasts of the land,
Green-fringed with growth of years long passed away;
And 'mid the rocks dark-shadowed shallows lay.
Till suddenly, at Phœbus's command,
Bright sunset hues steep sky, and sea, and sand,
And pools of gold reflect the dying day.

Far in the purple west each happy cloud
With varied wing floats closer to its God;
And each glad wave, rose-crested, chants aloud
To Him who has changed all things with a nod.
So oft when life seems dark with coming night,
One face, one smile, cheers all with sudden light.

Two Lovers.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

HIGH time, declared the gossips of Grayville, that Nannie Williams made a choice of a husband, and gave to the other girls, who doubtless would make better wives, if they had not as much beauty, some chance.

Utterly absurd that the men followed, one after another, like sheep in a drove, wherever her caprices led.

They were like a hive of bees contending for one flower, and blind to all the gardenful besides.

But Nannie only smiled when some whisper of this reached her, and let the gossips talk.

Full well she knew her power, this simple country girl, who possessed no dower save her beauty, and right royally she used it.

Besides, it was not quite as the gossips declared.

There was no such butter in all the county as that which came from Nannie Williams' farm, and Nannie's fingers, white and tapering as they were, moulded it; no cream was so thick and yellow, and Nanny had sole charge of the dairy; no house was more neat and tidy, with a nameless air of feminine grace about it, and Nannie, since her mother's death, reigned sole mistress.

No wonder the young men felt the race well run, with such a prize at its goal.

True, she had a saucy word ever ready, but one readily forgave its harmlessness for the sake of the sweet brilliant smile which lent her pretty face its rarest charm, and seemed to mutely plead her pardon.

However, when it was least expected, Nannie made her choice, and it fell upon Sydney Richards.

There was nothing to be said against him.

He was a good-looking young fellow, with a farm of his own.

He and Nannie would make a handsome couple, and doubtless would succeed well in the world.

But for all that it was a surprise to many of them, and one or two of the more discerning ones said that she had flirted shamelessly with Dick Armstrong, and that quiet as he had ever been, he had grown more so since the betrothal was announced.

Nannie did not hear this, however, nor had she seen Dick since her engagement, until one evening some three weeks after.

She had wandered down to the little gate opening on to the road, and stood leaning listlessly against it, when a quick, firm tread broke the stillness.

She knew the step well, and a flush of crimson rose to her face, then receded, as a tall, stalwart figure came around a sharp turn in the road.

He gave a quick start, too, as he perceived her, and would have passed on, merely raising the straw hat from the close-cropped blond head, but that her voice, a little tremulous, detained him.

"Dick!" she said.

He halted then, but made no movement to approach her, until she held out towards him a small white hand.

"Dick," she repeated, "of all my friends you are the only one who has not congratulated me."

"Indeed!" he answered, with a strange, hard smile.

"I hope it is not too late."

And touching the little fingers for an instant only, he turned away again as if he considered all his duty done.

Hot tears rose to Nannie's eyes, though from whence they sprung none could have divined.

"You are cruel, Dick," she said.

"No," he answered, "I am kind, but believe me, Nannie, I trust you may be happy. Good night!"

She spoke no further word to detain him, but stood and watched him walk away.

Her eyes still followed the direction he had taken long after his figure was lost to her sight.

"He never loved me!" she murmured to herself.

"He would always have been exacting and jealous, and he never asked me to be his wife.

"What right has he to complain?"

But the girl knew that she silenced only her conscience, and no voice of his, when she thus spoke.

He had uttered no reproach.

Dared she to her own soul say he could have found no cause for doing so?

Sydney Richards found something amiss with his pretty betrothed that night.

She shrank from his somewhat too demonstrative caress, and turned upon him almost angrily when he asked her to name the day for their wedding—in fact to let the banns be read at once.

"You see, it'll soon be harvesting time, Nannie, my lass," he pleaded, by way of argument, "and there's no denying that the farm needs a woman's hand and a woman's care.

"It's all ready for its mistress, and why shouldn't its mistress be ready for it?"

"Simply because she isn't your maid-of-all-work, Sydney Richards, to be hired when the season is most convenient and the demand for her most pressing," was the girl's hot reply.

But her lover bore it good-naturedly, and just as he was leaving she penitently let her arms steal softly about his neck, while she raised herself on tiptoe to whisper in his ear that he must forgive her.

But—well, the cream had soured, and the butter would not come to-day, and so her temper had not borne the test.

Pardon thus sought might readily enough be won for harsher sin, but Sydney Richards imposed his penalty for all that; and so it happened that the next Sabbath morning witnessed the reading of his and Nannie Williams' banns.

Poor little Nannie!

She and her pride were waging a hard fight just then.

It had been a lucky moment that Sydney Richards had chosen to ask her to become his wife.

That very day she and Dick had had their first and only falling out.

It had been such a foolish matter, and she had known herself quite wrong, but she had determined that Dick should yield, and instead he had quietly walked away, saying—

"Nannie, when you acknowledge I am right, send for me

"It is only your pride that now refuses to acknowledge me so, and it is with your heart, not your pride, I wish to deal. Besides, I have something more I wish to say to you then."

Something more!

Ah, how well she knew what this something more was!

As if it needed to be put into words!

As if she had not known all her life that Dick, earnest and tender and true as he was strong, loved her, and one day would make her his wife, though he little liked and illy brooked her coquettish ways.

Indeed, on this account had been their falling out, but she had determined this time not to yield.

And so when, a few hours after Dick had left her, it chanced that Sydney Richards came to woo her, his tender love phrases sounded very sweetly in her ear, and she gave him her promise, scarce conscious of all its import, but glad to inflict on Dick some of the pain from which her heart was suffering.

"I'm going to try the new colt, father, this morning," she said, when it wanted but two weeks of her wedding day.

"Better not," said the farmer.

"I doubt if he's ever had a woman on his back."

"He would not be the first horse that I had broken to that," was her laughing retort.

The farmer said no more.

He had implicit faith in Nannie's horsemanship.

But when, a little later, she came down the stairs dressed in her habit, she started to find Dick Armstrong holding the colt by the rein.

"I had business with your father, Nannie," he said quietly, "and the man brought the colt round whilst we were talking together, so I stayed to tell you you must not ride him.

"He has a dangerous eye."

The girl smiled proudly.

"Many thanks for your interest in my life, Mr. Armstrong; but since you have acquitted yourself of any responsibility in the matter, I feel doubly tempted to try the experiment."

She stepped down beside the horse to pat him with one little gauntleted hand, a courtesy he acknowledged by impatiently pawing the ground with his fore feet.

Dick Armstrong's cheek paled.

Involuntarily he laid his hand on the girl's arm.

"You must not, Nannie, it is absolute madness."

"And if it is," she retorted hotly, "to forbid it is Sydney Richards' province, not yours."

She could had used no better argument to silence him.

He had paled before, but now cheek and lips alike were colorless, save for one drop of blood upon the latter, where his teeth had cut.

One instant the small foot rested in his palm, in answer to her imperious gesture for assistance, the next, girl and horse had vanished from his sight, the colt—with bit fairly between his teeth and running like mad—running as only a vicious horse can run, determined to rid himself of the human being he bears.

Dick Armstrong forgot his anger, just though it was, forgot all save the great, sickening dread at his heart—the dread which was so soon to prove so fatally well-founded—as, hastening down the road, a riderless horse first came dashing past him, and then, a full mile further on, he met a party of laborers, carrying in their midst a ghastly load.

At first, poor fellow, he thought it that most terrible of all burdens—a dead body; but as he bent over the face, so deathly white but for the crimson stain upon the forehead, a faint murmur of agony escaped her lips.

Gently these rough men bore her home.

Almost as soon Dick was there with the physician he had summoned; but the latter, who had left him a full hour without the sick-room, could minister but little comfort on his return to where we waited.

The girl might live, he said, though only her wonderful health and youth would accomplish that; but she would be a cripple always.

Nannie Williams a cripple!

No one could realize it as the news spread.

But as the slow weeks passed and life as slowly asserted itself, the doubt became certainty.

Ah, well, the gossips declared again, it was sad enough; but better it had happened then than later, when Sydney Richards would have been burdened with a crippled wife his life long.

But Sydney himself, what did he say?

The accident was five weeks old, and the time fixed for her wedding had long gone by, when Nannie sent for him.

The lovely face was as white as the pillows on which it rested, and the great eyes looked larger than ever as they met his.

"The farm has had to wait for its mistress after all, Sydney," she said, with a sad smile; "but it won't have the mistress we had planned for it.

"You said it needed a woman's hand, and mine are very useless hands now," and she held them up—grown so white and thin.

"It isn't necessary to give you your release from any pledge, perhaps; for of course you understand I couldn't burden you this way.

"But I thought you'd feel better, maybe, if you let me tell you so myself."

The man looked down embarrassed.

He had meant to say something like this himself for he wished a helpmeet, not a drawback, in his wife.

But, somehow, the words sounded differently from Nannie's lips, and made him feel small and mean.

Yet they were just enough, and when, with a few murmured regrets, he left her, the bond between them was forever severed.

"Alone—henceforth alone and helpless!" she whispered to herself, while the great tears rolled silently down her cheeks.

But she was glad, too, that it was not Sydney Richards' wife that spoke.

That evening Dick came in.

"You can forgive me everything now, Dick," she said.

"How good you have been to me all this time.

"Sydney was here this morning, Dick, and—and all is over between us."

"You mean he gave you up, because—because——

"The coward!"

"Hush, dear!" she interrupted.

"It was I who released him.

"Why, Dick, any man would be mad to take such a burden as I am on his hands."

"Then I am mad!

"Oh, Nannie, give yourself to me, and I will be happier with my cross than any king that wears a crown."

"You are a king, Dick," she answered.

"Oh, my love! would that I had proved worthy of you before it was too late; but now—now it can never be!"

And plead as he might, he could not change her purpose.

"I love you—yes," she said, "too well to accept now what once I threw away."

For weeks he pleaded, but Nannie was firm, until one day he brought to see her a young surgeon from the city—a man who had gained wonderful repute, and who told her that by submitting to a dangerous operation she might again walk.

"Is it death or entire recovery?" she asked.

He answered—

"Yes."

"Then let me be your wife, Dick," she whispered in her lover's ear.

"I shall have that to give me strength to recover, or I shall sleep better with your name on the grave above my head."

But, the operation over, Nannie woke to life, not death, and strong and beautiful as in the old days, wears only a tiny scar upon her brow to mark how near she missed her life's happiness.

Jim's Ghost.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

"SO you really believe in ghosts, Brian?" said I.

"Sure, your honor," returned Brian with a grin, "it's not for me to disbelieve what I've seen wid my own eyes."

"Do you mean to say," exclaims my friend Smith, "that you have actually seen a ghost."

"Faith, thin, an' it's meself saw one not two weeks ago, as plain as I see you this minit.

"More by token, 'twas that same ghost got me my Mary, the purtiest girl in the whole village; not to spake of an illigant house an' a thrifle of gowld beside."

"Come, that sounds interesting. Couldn't you give us a description of this obliging apparition?"

"Is it an account o' the ghost that ye're wantin?

"Sure, an' I'll give it ye wid the greatest playsure in life, only ye'll not be repateing it to any livin' craythure, or, faith, I'd niver hear the last ov it!"

We promise silence; and accordingly Brian, duly fortified with a glass of his favorite liquor, proceeds.

"Ye were may be acquainted, gintlemen, wid ould Larry O'Donaghue?"

Unfortunately, we had never had that honor.

"An' small loss to ye, aither," quoth Brian.

"But he was Mary's father, an' a purty father too; but that's naither here nor there. Well, I was a sort ov relation ov his; so whin my mother died—she was a widdy—I wint to live wi' him an' Mary.

"She was a girl ov twelve thin, an' myself wasn't much older; but ye see I lived there sivin years, an' by that time I was grown uncommon fond ov Mary; not that she'd ever listen to me, whin I wanted to tell her so; but still she didn't seem to have a dislike for me.

"Well, I'd saved a thrifle, an' I was arnin' fair wages; so I'd jist made up my mind to ask Mary to be my wife, whin who should turn up but Jim Flannerty, bad cess to him! Now, Jim was a sort ov cousin ov ould O'Donaghue; an' he'd left his ship on sick-leave, though you would not have thowt it, to look at him, seein' he was as red as a carrot.

"Av coorse, he wor always in an' out ov the house, an' seemed mighty shtruck wi' Mary, an' she wi' him.

"Well, the long an' the short ov it was that old O'Donaghue, sent me on a fool's errand to Dublin; an' whin I come back, Mary an' Flannerty wor engaged.

"Av coorse, I couldn't stay at home after that, so I jist wint away; an' I didn't come back for two years.

"Well, I returns one day, an' I finds ould O'Donaghue dead, an' Mary livin' in the home wid an' ould aunt.

"Sure, it's myself, Mary," says I.

"Arrah, thin, don't be onaisy!—An' it's Mrs. Flannerty that ye'll be now?" for I wanted to make sure, ye see. So thin it comes out that Jim Flannerty's not been heard ov for a year an more, an' the ship he sailed in's lost.

"Well, I was mighty glad to hear that Flannerty was out ov the way; though, av coorse, I was rale sorry for Mary, an' I did my best to comfort her.

"However, she wouldn't noways believe that Jim was drowned.

"Sure, but it's on some desert island that he is," says she; an' not all my talking could git that out ov her head.

"Well, one evenin' she an' I was walking along by the river, an' says I: Mary mavourneen, will you be my little wife, for I've loved you since the day I first set my eyes on you?"

"Och, thin, Brian O'Brady," says she, "but I'm promised to Jim."

"Deed, thin, Mary alanna," says I "but it's dead an' drowned he is; so take me instead, an' it's not repenting it that you will be."

"I'll not believe that he's dead," says she, "till I see his ghost!"

"An' would you believe it? That very minit I turns around an' sees the ghost behind us!"

(I here interrupt Brian to ask for some description of the spectre.)

"Well, ye see, I didn't observe it so very particular, for Mary av coorse screams an' drops down in a faint; but I jist remarked 'twas mortal ugly, an' flames was comin' out ov it's mouth an' nose an' shootin' all over it."

("Oh, come now!" breaks in Smith, but subsides on my looking at him reprovingly.)

"An' there was an' awful smell of sulphur burnin' about it," says Brian, "though I wouldn't say it to Mary, for fear ov hurtin' her feelin's.

"Well, she soon comes round, an' says she: "Where's the ghost Brian?"

"It's vanished," says I.

"An' was it Jim Flannerty's?" says she, very low.

"Av coorse it was," says I.

"Did he spake to ye, Brian, darlint?" says she.

"We had a few minit's conversation," says I.

"An' what was it ye were sayin', thin?"

"Troth, an' I'll tell you the whole," says I. "The ghost says to me—(I'll jist put my arm around ye, Mary, an' thin ye needn't be afraid)-the ghost says: Brian O'Brady?" says he.

"Jim Flannerty," say I.

"You're an' honest fellow," says he.

"Troth, ye're payin' me too great a compliment," says I, for I thowt it best to be civil, ye see.

"By no manes," says he. "Will you do me a favor?"

"Wid the greatest playsure in life," says I.

"I'm engaged to a young woman," says he—(Don't scream, Mary, darlint; I'm holdin' ye tight)—"an' present circumstances don't allow ov my marryin'; will you take her instead ov me?"

"Sure, it's proud an' glad that I'll be to do it," says I—An' wi' that the ghost vanished.

"So, Mary, darlint; there's nought against our bein' married at once."

"Well, the long an' the short o' it is, we were married that week; an' it's as happy as the day is long that we are now."

A roar of laughter from Smith greets the conclusion of Brian's narrative.

"What is the matter?" I inquire.

"Why, *I* was the ghost!" replies he.—I say, Brian, did you ever hear of "luminous paint?"

"Sure, thin your honor, my own grandfather painted half the houses in the village; so it's few paints that I haven't seen, seein' he used to make me mix them."

"Well, if he covered the houses with luminous paint, it was rather a brilliant idea of his, though I don't suppose that it did actually occur to him!—You see the mixture here, Brian? Well, if it were dark, and I rubbed some of this on any object, that object would at once look bright and shining, and appear to give out light."

"Sure, that's mighty clever, your honor," said Brian.

"I had been trying for a long time," continued Smith, "to find out of what this paint is composed, and some time ago I succeeded in discovering the secret.

"I was so delighted with my success, that I did not wait to rub the stuff from off my hands and face, but rushed down to Profes sor Nichol's, to show him the result of my experiments.

"I remember I went along by the river; so you see I must have been your "mortal ugly" ghost" [Smith is a handsome fellow, and a favorite with the ladies], "who unconsciously did you such a good turn. The ghostly "conversation" existed, I presume, only in your imagination."

"Sure, an' didn't I think all the time that 'twas mighty like yourself, Mr. Smith!" says Brian drily.

"Then why did you tell us that it was Flannerty?" I inquire.

"Arrah, thin, but Jim Flannerty wor uncommon like you honor's friend, as you'd see if he were standin' here this minit; so why shouldn't their ghosts be alike too?"

And Brian took his departure, leaving us laughing over his ready wit and inventive genius.

◆

Never Again.

BY PERCY VERE.

I CANNOT understand jealousy.

"It seems to me that confidence is the very foundation of love.

"To make a woman jealous is to kill the love which causes it."

The girl who uttered the above words was young and very beautiful.

She addressed a little group of three, but as she finished speaking, her eyes sought but one face, and rested there with a glance which bespoke all the love and all the trust that an instant before had been her theme.

The face was that of the man to whom she was betrothed.

Her engagement to Rodney Wilmot had caused a little flutter of surprise among their dear friends.

In the first place, he had passed unscathed through so many seasons, had eluded so many traps set for his entrance into the rank of Benedicts that he had finally been accepted as wedded only to the band of bachelors; but just when designing mammas and willing daughters had reconciled themselves to this condition of affairs, they were startled by the announcement of his bona-fide engagement to a girl possessed of no fortune save her beauty, her wit, and the blue blood in her veins.

His glance now met hers and answered it.

It gave his silent approval of her words.

But there was another listener to May Fielding's speech.

Miss Thurston was her friend and senior by some years.

Two summers before our story opens, she and Rodney Wilmot had met.

He had fascinated her as few men had the power to do, and for a few brief weeks a wild, sweet hope had sprung up in her heart that the friendship between them might ripen into a warmer sentiment.

All too soon she learned that this hope was fruitless, and she had crushed it down as the bitterest disappointment of her life.

She had even smiled and offered him a hand, grown suddenly cold in congratulation, when he had made her his first confidant concerning his happiness.

She had met Miss Fielding.

She determined to make her her friend.

She knew her to be young and inexperienced.

Who knew what opportunities the future might hold.

For six months she had waited and watched, and at last both waiting and watching had met with their reward—at last the weapon which hitherto she had vainly sought had been furnished her by the enemy against whom she so mercilessly would direct its force.

This girl thought she could not be made jealous.

Yet, make her jealous, and her love would die!

It would be to her, then, that Rodney would turn for comfort.

Well, his was not the first heart that had been caught on the rebound.

A sudden gleam of triumph flashed in her eyes.

She turned abruptly away, and walked quickly to the other end of the long piazza of the hotel, where the little party were spending a portion of the hot summer months.

The other member of the group, Harry Reynolds, slowly followed her.

May and Rodney were alone.

"Why did she say that, Rodney?" asked May.

For it was a remark of Miss Thurston's which had called forth her own.

The man laughed.

"But even if you could, you would not make me jealous, Rodney?" she persisted.

"In four months, May, you are to be my wife.

"Do you think your happiness would be dearer and closer to me then than now?"

He spoke with a tenderness akin to reverence.

A bright flush mantled the fair young cheeks, as once more the blue eyes upraised themselves to his, and as he took her hand to place it within his arm, she met its pressure with an answering warmth.

"Rodney," said Miss Thurston the following day, "do you think May would object if you drove me to Englemere?

"Mamma insists she will trust me with no one else, as part of the road lies over the sands, and I am most anxious to go."

"May object?

"Of course she will not.

"What made you imagine such a thing?" he asked.

"Oh, only that we are such old friends, and I thought possibly she might think I was intruding upon a privilege no longer mine.

"Do you know, Rodney, I sometimes miss it."

The latter sentence was spoken in a lower key.

Miss Thurston's voice was always musical.

It was one of her greatest attractions, but when she threw into it just what entered into it now, there were few men who could have heard it unmoved, and of these few he was not one.

"You must not feel you miss it, Bell," he said.

"There is no reason why our friendship should not always continue in the future as in the past.

"You heard what May said yesterday regarding jealousy?

"She thinks as highly of your friendship as I do.

"No, you must not do my little girl such injustice.

"Call upon me as frankly and as freely as in the olden days, and you will find me no less ready to respond."

"Well, I shall tell May, then, of our programme for the afternoon?"

"Certainly, and send her down to me," said Rodney.

Five minutes later, and Miss Thurston's soft white hand gently rapped at May's door.

"Come in!" called a sweet, girlish voice.

And Miss Fielding, as the door opened, glanced up from the letter she was writing.

"Do I interrupt you?" questioned Miss Thurston.

"I only came to tell you that I am going to run off with your lover this afternoon.

"I must go to Englemere, and Rodney and I had so many drives in the old days, that mamma feels she can trust me with no one else.

"You have no objections, my dear?"

"None," answered the girl frankly, "only I shall miss you both. How long will you be gone?"

"We start at three.

"We shall be home by six—we must, in fact, else we could not cross the sands until the tide went down."

"Where is Rodney now?"

"Smoking on the piazza. He said something about you joining him, unless you were busy."

"My letter can wait," she answered; and rising, she walked slowly and thoughtfully from the room, and down the stairs.

"Rodney and I have had so many drives together, that mamma feels that she can trust me with no one else."

Somehow this sentence kept ringing in her ears.

It seemed to her it was quite time that some one else should be found.

But she crushed back the thought as ungenerous and disloyal, and met Rodney with a smiling face.

The afternoon seemed very long during his absence.

She finished her letter, and then tried to read.

But her thoughts wandered, and the train of the story was sadly broken.

It was a relief when the clock struck five, and making her prettiest toilet, she went down to the piazza to catch the first glimpse of the truants.

It so happened that two old dowagers, seated within the parlor, and close beside one of the windows outside which she had found a seat, were refreshing themselves with a little gossip.

Their words were borne distinctly to her ear.

"I'm surprised," said one, "that Rodney Wilmot should drive with one of his old loves, when he has to neglect his fiancee to do so.

"Such a young, pretty girl, too! It's a shame!"

May did not wait to hear the answer.

She rose quickly, and moved out of hearing, but the words had left their sting.

The sting deepened as six o'clock came, but brought no sign of Rodney's return.

Seven struck, then eight, then nine.

An awful weight, a terrible anxiety, was pressing on her heart.

All the people were talking of the absent now.

Of course they knew that, after six, the sands were impassable.

What could have detained him?

At last May could no longer bear the pitying glances directed towards her, and, hastening to her own room, she shut them all out.

"How could he make me suffer like this?" she thought, as another hour sped on.

"Where is he?

"Oh, Rodney, did time with her pass so quickly that you were forgetful of your danger?"

Face downwards on the bed, she heard nothing of the wheels which grated at last on the graveled road, nor the exclamations which greeted the belated ones.

As they approached the hotel, Miss Thurston laid her hand upon her companion's arm.

"Don't tell them it was my fault, Rodney—my stupid fault, in setting my watch an hour behind.

"None of these women would believe it.

"You can simply say we were detained.

"Promise me, Rodney, not even to dear May.'"

"The explanation is simple enough, Bell, but I ought to have known a woman's watch never was right.

"However, we will keep our own counsel.

"Poor little May!

"I hope she's not worried."

But "poor little May" was nowhere in sight.

The rest all gathered about them, but Rodney's eyes wandered beyond.

Why was not May here to meet and welcome them?

"Find her for me, Bell," whispered Rodney.

"Go to her room and tell her to come down a minute."

She sped on her errand, but a smile was on her lips and in her eyes.

Her plan was working well.

"May!" she called softly, as she opened the door of the room.

The girl sprang up.

"You have come, thank Heaven!" she exclaimed.

"What happened?

"Tell me!"

"Happened?

"Nothing, dearie; only when Rodney and I are together we are apt to forget the time, and I really had no idea how quickly it had flown until we found the tide had banished our return.

"I think it seemed to us both almost like a return of the old days when we kept no account of the hours.

"Rodney is downstairs.

"You'll go down and say good night to him, May?"

"I will make you my messenger," said the girl, with chilling scorn.

"Tell him that I congratulate him on your mutual safety."

"May, surely you are not jealous of an old friendship like ours."

"I am jealous of my self-respect, Miss Thurston.

"Good night!"

But when the door had closed, the child's calm gave way.

So what the gossips had said was really true.

Bell Thurston was an old love of Rodney's, and in her society, even yet the hours passed so swiftly that he could forget how full of slow, torturing anxiety for his bodily safety they would be to her.

And only yesterday she had said she never could be jealous.

Yet when had she loved so wildly, so passionately, as in this hour when Rodney had shown himself all unworthy?

Doubtless he had mistaken his own heart—it had awakened to its old allegiance; and yet he once had told her no other woman save herself had ever filled it, and sweet had been his words—as sweet as she now knew them to be false.

But he should never know she suffered.

Striking a light, she drew towards her pen, ink and paper.

"I did not expect to prove so soon my idle word of yesterday," she wrote, "nor dream that within little more than twenty-four hours you would chill the love then so warm.

"I told you I could not be jealous. I was right

"Therefore I release you from your promise, even as I hold myself released.

"I shall go home to-morrow, and must make of you but one request—that you will make no effort to see me."

Having written this—poor child!—she fancied that all irrevocably was ended.

The little note was put, early next morning, into Rodney's hands.

He grew very pale as he hastily read it through.

"It's all absurd," he muttered under his breath.

"Poor little girl!

"She's jealous, after all.

"Bell must go to her and tell her the truth."

"I'll go, Rodney," replied Bell, when he had explained the dilemma; "but I'm afraid it is of no use.

"I really think—though I hate to hurt you by the suspicion—that she was scarcely sorry for the excuse.

"What other woman would have given you up like that?"

"Ask her to see me," said Rodney. "She can't refuse me that."

But ten minutes 'ater Bell returned, shaking her head.

"She is as cold as ice, Rodney," she declared.

"She told me to tell you that ashes could not warm.

"Oh, Rodney, how I hate to repeat her cruel words, and to feel that I am the unhappy cause."

He tried to answer with a laugh, but it proved a miserable failure.

"Don't distress yourself, Bell," he said kindly.

"If she had so little love, so little trust, I'm glad I found it out in time."

"But you loved her, Rodney.

"Oh, how could she?

"I—I——"

She stopped, and turned abruptly away.

But for once Rodney was deaf to all the implication of her words.

Yet his heart was bitter as he strode along in the direction of his own room.

It was mere chance which led him past May Fielding's door—mere chance which brought to his hearing that trembling quavering sob which told him she was within and suffering.

An hour later, and they might have been irrevocably parted.

Now he only remembered that in four months she was to have been his wife.

What need to heed conventionalities?

At any cost he must see her.

Impulsively he opened and closed the door behind him.

She rose up, white and indignant, but not before he had seen the lines that one night had brought on the young, lovely face.

"My darling," he said "listen."

And without further preface, he told the story through.

"Shall I go or stay now, May?" he ended.

"Is it for you or me to ask forgiveness?"

Meanwhile, downstairs, Bell waited long for his return, her heart beating high with hope and triumph.

But when at last Rodney Wilmot came, May—lovely, smiling May—was on his arm.

"You promised, Bell, to tell May the truth.

"Why did you not do it?" he sternly asked.

"I wished you both to find out you were human," she replied.

"Six month's engaged without a lover's quarrel!

"It was absurd!"

"So we think," Rodney answered; "but rather than risk another, May has consented to become my little wife at once."

Yet of all their dear friends, Bell alone was not bidden to the feast; but May was jealous never again.

◆

A STRANGE RACE.—A strange tribe of Indians, of Brazil, are called Botocudos, because of their custom of wearing flat disks of wood in slits cut in the upper ear and under lip.

They are of medium height, broad-shouldered, large-bodied and muscular. There is a great variety of features among them, but in general they have low foreheads, and small, black, piercing eyes, small noses, at times somewhat arched at the base, especially in women; small mouths; the lips are usually thick.

Their cheek-bones are not very prominent.

The hair on the head is thin, and when not allowed to fall over the forehead is shaved with a bamboo razor for about two inches from the edge all around.

The beard, naturally deficient, is commonly plucked out.

The skin is a whitish yellow, and it has been affirmed that the Botocudos are capable of blushing.

All the hard work falls to the women's lot; they are the slaves of their husbands, who treat them with the utmost cruelty, beating them unmercifully, and even cutting them with knives.

Children when young are often treated with tenderness, and yet it is not unusual for the mothers to sell them to planters, who in reality hold them as slaves, but these rarely reach maturity.

As a race, the Botocudos are decidedly ugly, exceptions in this rule, being rare even in the young women.

They were formerly in the habit of varnishing their skin with the yellowish sap of certain trees.

Among their articles of diet are ants, alligators, lizards, the boa constrictor, monkeys, tapirs.

They have been considerably reduced in number by a passion for strong drink, by disease, and by the war of extermination unceasingly waged against them by the whites.

Of those still existing, some are domesticated, and divided into several small bands, each of which has its own village; others have resisted all efforts to civilize them, and roam in freedom through the forest.

◆

IT rather annoys a woman after she has had a child christened some romantic Indian name to learn that the name translated means "old boots."

◆

Brain Workers.

In this country nearly every active business or professional man is overworked, and suffers from waste of vitality. Few reach the age of forty-five without this waste of vital force showing itself in some form of disease more or less troublesome or dangerous.

Now, unless something can be done to renew the wasted vital force, these diseased conditions must go on increasing until an utter break-down is the result. Many warned in time, retire from business or professional life and seek in change and relaxation a measure of the health which they have lost. With much the larger number, this retirement is felt to be impossible; and they go on suffering and failing until the disastrous end comes in paralysis, softening of the brain, or sudden death.

As a restorer of vital force, it has been largely shown from the results obtained during the past twelve years, that Compound Oxygen is the most efficient agent yet discovered by the medical profession. Its use by overworked business and professional men would save many hundreds of lives every year, and give to thousands more the ability to work without the weariness, exhaustion and peril which now attend them. A Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

THE COURT FOOL.

BY ARION.

ONCE upon a time the king of a great land was out hunting in a wood, and in the ardor of the chase he left his courtiers behind, and was not able to find them again.

He sought vainly in all directions, and blew his horn many times, but no one appeared.

Then he rode straight forward, hoping to escape from the forest.

After a while the trees became thinner, and he came out upon some downs.

At a little distance he saw a shepherd kneeling on the ground as if busily searching for something he had lost.

"Hullo! my good fellow!" cried the king, riding up to him, "can you tell me the way to King Anselm's court?"

The shepherd did not answer him or even look up, but only sighed heavily.

"What are you searching for, sirrah!" cried the king, impatiently.

"A straw," said the shepherd, sadly.

"I have been looking all day for a straw."

King Anselm burst out laughing.

"A straw, my good man, and what do you want a straw for?"

"To show which way the wind blows," answered the shepherd.

"By my faith, I have never met a greater fool," said the king.

"Why, man, do you not see how the clouds are drifting?

"Why the wind is in the north to be sure."

"Then I must hasten and bring up my sheep, for there will be no rain to-day," said the shepherd.

"Stay," said the king.

"Thou shalt come with me to King Anselm's palace, for he wants a fool at court, and such another man as you cannot be found there."

The shepherd was pleased at this, and at the king's invitation he mounted behind him on the horse, and they set off towards the farmer's house; for the shepherd said his master knew all the country round, and could direct the knight home.

The farmer showed the king the way, and made no difficulty about parting with the shepherd, though he said—

"And if you will take my advice you will stay where you are, for a wise man may see the world, but a fool is best at home."

The shepherd, however, preferred to go with his new friend, and they rode merrily together till they met a party of courtiers seeking the king.

Then the fool found out who his companion was, and he was very much puffed up at the thought, though he was soon made to dismount, and to ride with the king's [illegible].

When they arrived at court the fool was sent to the kitchen, to be of use to the cook till a motley dress was made in which he could attend on the king's person.

At dinner time, however, he contrived to slip into the hall, and without being invited took an important seat at the table.

"Who art thou?" asked the seneschal.

"A personage of some quality," answered the fool.

"How so?" asked the seneschal.

"I have ridden behind the king on his horse," said the shepherd.

"So have we all," shouted the attendants, and the fool received many blows, and was driven out.

When he was attired as court fool the shepherd was still more unhappy, but his quaint sayings made all men laugh, and he remained first favorite with the king.

After a time his simplicity wore off, and he became very melancholy, and longed for his old home, but this very sadness sat so ill on him that it provoked the merriment of the company still more, and he was considered the rarest of fools.

When the fool found he was a close prisoner, all hope of return to the farm left him, and he only sought to make his court life more easy.

To this end he sought to win the king's favor yet more, and he soon had the means of doing so.

King Anselm was too fond of good living, and at a great feast he over-ate himself, and was ill for many days afterwards.

The fool stayed by his sick-bed night and day, and did all in his power to relieve him.

"Ah!" cried the king, "if I could only refrain from overeating at the time, I would give a hundred weight of gold to anyone who would remind me of this pain at the next banquet."

The fool held his tongue, but he resolved that he would do as the king desired.

Some months after, a great emperor came to visit King Anselm, and brought with him his daughter, a beautiful princess, whom King Anselm hoped to win in marriage.

At the great feast prepared for them, the fool waited on the king, but on presenting each dish he contrived so to draw it away as the king was about to help himself, that very little reached his plate.

The king bore this very well for some time, not wishing to make a disturbance, but he frowned heavily, and, at last, losing patience, cried—

"Sirrah! why dost thou serve me thus?

"By my faith, I will have thee punished.

"May it please your majesty," said the fool, in a loud whisper, "I feared lest your majesty should over-eat yourself, and have a surfeit as before.

The princess and all the court smiled, and the king, blushing furiously, ordered his guards to seize and bind the poor fool.

But he, seeing he had done wrong, sprang nimbly over the table and out of the window, and as there was no man so fleet of foot as he, his pursuers soon gave up the chase.

But the fool ran on and on till he came to the seashore.

He had never seen the sea before, and the tide happened to be out, so he said to himself:

"This is a fine place to live in; I will look out for a dwelling."

Now there happened to be a deserted hut on the shore, just above high tide mark, and the fool, finding it, thought it was the very place for him.

Accordingly he rolled himself up on the floor and went to sleep.

He was awakened by a loud roaring noise outside, and jumping up, ran out to see what was the matter.

The tide was coming in.

The fool thought it was some kind of wild beast which would swallow the hut and himself.

He, therefore, took up stones from the beach and threw them with all his might at the sea, and this he continued doing till the tide turned, and the waves began to retire.

"That was well done," said the fool to himself, "and was moreover the work of a brave man; nevertheless it is tiring, and I must rest while I can; no doubt it will return again."

For the next few days the fool had hard work beating back the sea, and he would have left the spot in disgust had he not found plenty of shell-fish on the rocks, and thus gained an easy living.

One day a beggar came by, and asked for alms.

"I have nothing to give you," answered the fool, "but if you will stay in this house and fight the wild beast which come by day and night, I will take your bag and beg while you rest and keep guard.

"What sort of wild beast is it?" asked the beggar.

"Wait here, and I will show you," said the fool.

Then the beggar stayed and saw that it was but the tide ebbing and flowing, and he readily agreed to the fool's proposition, only stipulating that when both were at home, that the fool should fight the wild beast, "for it is harder work than begging," said he.

The fool consented.

So it was settled that they should live together, and the beggar led an easy life, for he eat half the bread the fool brought home, and of course never troubled himself to fight the sea.

One night, however, when there was a full moon, the fool was later home than usual, the wind blew in shore, and the tide rose suddenly very high, and washed away the hut, and with it the sleeping beggar, who was drowned.

When the fool came home he was very much frightened, and said—

"If it has broken down the house, and killed and eaten the beggar, it won't think much of swallowing me."

So he took to his heels and ran inland as hard as he could.

By good luck he came to his old home, and on seeing it he was so much delighted that he clapped his hands and danced for joy.

"My master was right," cried the fool.

"A wise man may travel in the world, but a fool is best at home.',

◆

FOURTEEN MISTAKES.—Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here then, are fourteen great mistakes: It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and other with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our infinite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

M. S.

◆

POLITENESS is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents their wounding others. We should never throw it off, even in our contests with coarse people.

◆

Can't Get It.

Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Urinary or Liver Comp'aints, cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used, and if you already have any of these diseases Hop Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and don't get some puffed up stuff that will only harm you.

THE BLUE DRAGON.

BY PIPKIN.

ELEVEN centuries ago, where the city of Kamakura now stands, was a great lake and down at the bottom of this lake lived a blue dragon, with emerald green eyes and a fiery mouth, who frightened the people to heart-sickness, because he lived on the flesh of little babies.

He stole them whenever he could find them, cracked their bones, picked them clean, drank their blood, and threw the dismembered skeletons on the shore of the lake, where weeping mothers in vain begged him to drown them also that they might forget their lost darlings' untimely fate.

Now, down by the lake lived Yoroti, a very rich man, who had sixteen children. He thought that even a dragon must respect so wealthy a person; and his wife could not persuade him to remove from the lakeside.

"He gobbles up the peasants' babies, this ugly dragon," he used to say; "but he will not touch the offspring of a man of high position.

The event proved that he was wrong.

One day he returned home to hear his wife wailing, and his servants beating their hands together.

The blue dragon had killed and eaten all his little ones, and their bones strewed the shore of the lake.

Completely crushed by this calamity, all his pride was gone.

He gathered up the remains of his little ones, and carried them away to a miserable desert place, covered with sand, and unsheltered by a single tree.

Here he buried them; and the peasants called the spot the Rich Man's Burying Place,

There he spent his time bewailing his loss; and he began to feel sorry for the peasants, whom heretofore he had despised, believing them to be clods, to whom such things happened because they did not feel them as more delicately bred persons would.

One day, while he was weeping and watering with his tears the sixteen cactus plants in the mounds beneath which he had laid the ashes of his children's bones, he heard a strange cry; and, looking upward, saw a cormorant hovering over him, that said, "Rich man—rich man, are you sorry for the peasants now?"

And Yoroti bowed his head and answered, "Yes; I am sorry now."

Then the cormorant spoke again, and said, "Rich man, would you save those peasant children if you could?"

And Yoroti answered, "Yes—yes, I would save them, if I could.'

Then suddenly the cormorant changed into a beautiful winged woman and stood before him, and a strange light shone about her, and he fell on his face afraid of her presence.

But she spoke to him kindly.

"Rich man," she said, "arise. If you would save the peasants' children, you can. Your wealth is great, and the blue dragon loves gold and jewels. Return to the lakeside. Dwell there with your wife, and on that day of the week on which the blue dragon comes for a child, go to him and offer, in its stead, a handful of gold or a jewel. Do this each week until all is gone, and so prove your devotion to your fellow sufferers. Meanwhile, for every tear of grief you save another, I will shed one of gratitude to water the plants that grow over your children's graves."

Yoroti listened and obeyed.

He kissed the pale-green plants and then departed for home.

His wife and servants were overjoyed to see him.

When they heard his purpose, she marvelled, but no one attempted to interfere. They told him that the dragon had grown so bold that he entered homes and took a child from its mother's arms, and they saw him depart for the shore, on the first morning, with great terror, for no one could tell when this dragon might begin to eat men.

Yoroti stood on the lake-side while the villagers watched him from afar, and his wife beat her hands together in terror; and the blue head of the dragon was lifted above water, and the emerald eyes were fixed upon him.

Then he spoke—

"Blue dragon, I come to speak to thee."

And the blue dragon answered—

"Speak!"

"I am a rich man, whose sixteen children thou has eaten," said the rich man, "and I come to offer thee a handful of gold for every child thou wilt spare.

"When the gold is gone I have jewels, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, pearls. Thou shalt have them all."

The dragon listened and consented.

"But remember," he said, "when I come to land I shall snort aloud three times.

"If the third time passes, and thou comest not, I shall take a child."

Yoroti agreed to this, but he knew the dragon's art, and that he hoped in this way to get gold and child-flesh too.

And now began a life of watching and of fatigue.

The dragon now came to the surface at least five times oftener than before.

Even when he slept Yoroti always desired his wife to watch, lest he [illegible] the first snort of the dragon to awaken him; and so [illegible] required for each [illegible] over his heart, that there need be no [illegible].

[illegible] awful sound, as though the caves all round, [illegible] were burst open, aroused all the [illegible] of the lake.

They clasped their children to their hearts and trembled, but at the second cry they always saw Yoroti, the rich man, running from his home to the shore, and the blue dragon retired, appeased to his lake again.

And so it continued until all the money and jewels that Yoroti had possessed were gone but one great emerald.

He could save one more child, and no more.

The peasants by this time adored him.

The priests prayed for him.

His fame had spread far and wide.

But his power would soon end.

All were in despair.

He stood on the shore, with the jewel in his palm, and he besought the dragon to take it and to leave the peasants henceforth in peace.

The dragon only laughed.

"When I have snorted thrice, if I have not my fee, I will have a child," he said, and retreated to the lake.

The emerald caught the last glow of the setting sun as he sank beneath the water, and all was despair beside the Lake of the Dragon.

On the other side of the lake was a mountain.

Upon its hither side Yoroti went to bewail himself.

And he prayed aloud, crying, "Let me be taught how to save my poor peasants from the grief I have known."

And he heard a cry, and saw the cormorant hovering over the lake.

"Push the mountain into the lake," were the words it uttered.

"I cannot move the mountain," said Yoroti, sadly.

"Believe that you can, and see," said the cormorant.

And Yoroti had faith, and extended his arms, and pressed his hands against the mountain side and cried, "Drop into the lake, oh! mountain, and crush the dragon."

And the mountain [illegible] slowly, and all saw it; and instantly it [illegible] into the lake.

The water splashed all about, drenching every one, and they fled; but when they recovered from their amazement, behold the lake was filled up, and the dragon buried beneath the mountain for evermore; and a beautiful figure in white, with wings, stood by Yoroti's side, and said, "Go now and take thy wife to the place they call the Rich Man's Burying Place, and see how I have watered thy plants."

Yoroti obeyed.

Together the two sought the desert spot, and found that a little garden had sprung up there.

Sixteen cactus plants, each bearing a big red flower, waved and nodded their heads toward them, and as they advanced the flowers burst open, and from each sprang the figure of a child—their own little children, as well and beautiful as ever, each bearing in the shawl it wore pearls and diamonds beyond price, and gold enough to make Yoroti a rich man.

Then he returned to his people, and was forever beloved by them and always happy. The blue dragon was never heard of again, and Kamakura was built upon the spot where the Dragon's Lake had been.

◆

MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.—Returning from a dinner where he had been feasted, if not wisely, certainly very well, a prominent politician of New York city fell head over heels in a cellar, the grating over which had been accidently left open. At first he found the darkness and silence somewhat oppressive, and was casting about in his mind how to relieve the tedium of the hours which must elapse before his release, when all at once he heard a loud [illegible] several times, for New York chanced to be pretty generally dining out that night; and as a result the vault soon contained some half-frozen jovial feasters.

Sad to relate, a common misfortune did not beget a common sympathy, but ended in a great quarrel; for the discussion of politics led to a bout at fisticuffs, in which, all present helping, more than might damage was done ere the police were attracted to scene of disorder.

Hauled out by the neck and conveyed to the city lock-up, the banqueters had an opportunity of learning by painful experience, how advisable it is, when returning home from a banquet, to avoid open gratings, especially when the cellars below are filled with political opponents.

◆

CHINESE DEBTS.—The Chinese *Recorder*, an English publication, gives an extract from the running account kept with the gods by one Le Chang Tsang, which is unique in the annals of book-keeping. On the credit side are three items: [illegible] smoking opium [illegible] times, 10.

[illegible] black marks. [illegible] side of the account [illegible] burying a poor friend at his expense, 1,000; for eating [illegible] work [illegible], 100; for [illegible] wines, 100.

◆

Answer This.

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Liver Complaints that is curable that Hop Bitters has not or cannot cure? Ask your neighbors if they can.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE new woolen goods for the Spring are, as many as have as yet been brought out, particularly charming as to design.

Stripes, plaids and checks appear, and are to be used in combination with the corresponding plain goods, but, in almost every case, all these are very subdued, broken and indistinct.

The checks are generally very fine, looking at a little distance like mottled cheviots, and this material will often be employed without any admixture of other stuffs for entire suits.

For a fatigue dress during the Spring in town, and for a traveling suit later on, it will prove invaluable, being at once serviceable, lady-like and quiet.

This goods ranges in prices from one dollar per yard to one dollar and a half.

This is more or less the average price of most of the new Spring woolens.

They are double width almost without exception.

Many of the most indistinct of the indistinct plaids will also be used for entire suits.

They show broken lines of subdued colors, in small faint squares on a light æsthetic green ground, which has a strong dash of sage in it, and is most conspicuous among the new Spring tints, or on a light brown or a slate gray, or a dull blue "fond."

Crushed strawberry and a very reddish terra cotta also form the ground of these plaids in a great many instances.

This is conspicuous enough; not on account of the plaid, which is more modest than any plaids we have ever seen, but on account of the colors themselves.

However, if present indications are to be relied upon, we shall before the Spring is very much advanced grow accustomed to the very brilliant effect of crushed strawberry (which we have hitherto seen only in small quantities in hats and bonnets) turned to use for an entire costume.

Every shade of this tint, which at this date, we must confess we still find very obtrusive, not to say glaring, appears in all the varieties and kinds of goods brought out for the Spring and Summer.

It is shown in veilings, which will be made up with lace or embroidery for the Summer.

It is a prevailing color in many of the beautiful new cambrics and sateens, which, with their big bouquets thrown here and there, look like the richest brocades.

It is also conspicuous among the tiny-checked stuffs, and among the plain goods, which are to make up over a striped skirt to correspond, the plain stripes reproducing the exact tint of the plain material, and the other stripe being composed of fine pin-lines, silk or all wool, having a variety of colors.

When we say plain goods we speak relatively, and not quite literally.

Few of the so-called plain goods, either when used for combination suits or for the entire dress, are plain in reality.

The very fine checked pattern prevails in almost every one of them, though it is not apparent at a little distance.

Some of the plain goods imported to combine with the stripes, of which we have spoken, are so woven that they are almost a changeable surface.

This is the case, for example, in a piece of goods, the predominating hue of which is crushed strawberry, while in certain lights a decided grey-blue tinge overspreads it.

The striped material to match has one grayish blue stripe and one of crushed strawberry.

This same design appears in darker tones of terra cotta.

The stripes in these fabrics are each about two inches wide.

A different line of materials, chiefly for the early Spring, consists of plain woolens (really plain this time) in solid colors, which are sold in conjunction with plaids of medium size, reproducing as a fundamental tone the color of the plain goods, while some other and very bright hue gives life and brilliancy to the whole.

So there are handsome dark green woolens that are sold with dark green and bright red plaids, the effect being [illegible] underskirt, [illegible] very [illegible] dress [illegible] goods.

There are others [illegible] red, dark purples, with the plaids in [illegible].

In these cases the plaid underskirt will generally be kilted, and the brighter shades turned under, only to show in glimpses, after the method in vogue for some time past for kilting striped materials.

These new plaids, combined with the corresponding plain goods, should have a great deal of success.

They will make very pretty suits, and suits that will be serviceable in the early Spring and Autumn; and economical folks must often weigh such matters as these in purchasing a new costume, even if it be an inexpensive one.

Four yards of the plaid fabric and four of the plain are necessary for one of the suits of which we speak.

Needless to say that a very simple model had better be selected if the dress be bought for a general utility suit, to wear for shopping in the Spring, later for traveling, perhaps, and for rainy and dark days, through the entire summer.

There seems to be a noticeable absence of yellow in all the goods brought out for the Spring.

Dark blues, and blues of medium shades, and rich purples, are also among the Spring colors.

In general, these are much purer in tone than the blue shades we have had of late.

The browns, as many of them as appear, are likewise noticeable for their purity.

We will mention in passing, although the material is sufficiently ugly, that quite large and decided checks, to be used chiefly for the dresses of children or very young girls, are also among the new importations.

In many of these the all-prevailing crushed strawberry shades are conspicuous, and in one particularly ugly piece of goods this tint, reduced to its palest expression, so that it looks almost like salmon pink, alternates with black checks.

Then there are decided black and blue checks, and black and green, all of which recall forcibly some of the very unæsthetic goods fashionable some ten years since.

In our estimation the only time that checks are tolerable is when they are reduced to the very smallest size possible.

Then there may be something neat, lady-like and even coquettish about them.

Under any other circumstances it takes all but the genius of a Worth to manipulate them so that they may be rescued from vulgarity.

In and by itself there is nothing artistic in a big check; on the contrary, the design is a very common one, and the effect of the dress when made up is generally ditto.

French dressmakers are employing plaids and checks for ordinary house dresses a great deal now and with the consummate knack they have of getting the best expression possible out of everything they take in hand, they succeed in gaining results that are often eminently satisfactory by the combination of these ungainly materials with dark satin or velvet.

Very little of these stuffs is used, but just enough to tone down the effect of the plaid or check.

One costume of this sort we have seen with dark brown and satin mixed sparingly with a large plaid in dark purples and browns.

The lower part of the waist is all of satin, the upper part only being of the plaid.

For the very fine, small checks that will be in vogue this Spring the style of waist, or rather jacket, known in Paris as the "Reserviste," is especially recommended.

It is like the Norfolk of two years since, minus the box plaits back and front.

It has a belt, fastening with a large buckle, and it is rather short.

A style of goods which should have much success during the Summer are the figured and plain India silks that, although brought out last season, were not then adopted to any extent.

They are very light, soft and pliable, and cool enough to wear on the hottest days.

The designs on the figured pieces vary from single flowers and brilliant bouquets thrown here and there, to intricate arabesques that almost completely cover the ground, whether light or dark, and have a very Eastern effect.

These silks usually come in pieces, and the figured ones are sold at an average of fifteen or sixteen dollars a piece, each piece containing a number of yards sufficient for [illegible] dress and bodice.

[illegible] that [illegible] have not had their day yet.

Evidently they will continue to be worn during the Spring.

The newest in Paris are of two shapes; they have either a narrow brim that shelves slightly forwards, and is bent down very close to the sides of the head, or they have no brim at all—at least none to speak of, and the mere crown of which they consist is set quite far back on the head and surrounded with two or three rows of creamy lace plaited into a ruche.

This can be made of almost any material—velvet, surah or ottoman.

Whatever it is, the stuff is always gathered and puffed on the edge and laid in the softest possible folds and wrinkles over the top.

The effect is really that of a very coquettish little cap.

This resemblance is still greater when the trimming happens to be a natty little cocarde of bows and ends of bright ribbon, set with an impertinent little air on one side, the bows and ends all standing straight up.

These cocardes have all the charm of novelty.

Another novelty in millinery consists of velvet ribbons in white and very pale shades of blue, pink and yellow.

The white velvet ribbon is often put on Paris bonnets to do duty for the strings.

On one bonnet of black lace and jet, the "creation" of a swell Parisian modiste, there were narrow white velvet strings, and a cocarde or rosette of the same ribbon on one side.

The effect was more striking than strictly good.

Bright little capotes, in various shades of red and crushed strawberry, are beginning to put in an appearance over in New York with the approach of Spring.

They have been very fashionable in Paris all Winter, where in addition, they have been worn with little "voilettes" of bright red spotted tulle, the very same veils that had considerable vogue here two years ago, but soon dropped out of fashion.

Colored veils, of every conceivable shade and design have been, and are at this moment, worn in Europe to the total exclusion of sober black ones, and even white veils.

Some of them are shaded, pink at one end and red at the other, the most becoming tint to be worn over the face, while the other is carried over the hat, sometimes almost covering it.

Then there are blue veils of various shades, very becoming to certain complexions, and extremely pretty with a black bonnet, or a seal brown one, or a dark green or cobalt blue capote.

There are also veils of the light yellowish brown shade, known as "cheveux de la reine," and dark violet ones, and brown ones to match certain bonnets.

The black veiling with the little white dots is about the only one of all these fancy veilings, with the exception of an occasional red veil, that one sees here at all.

The shops have had full assortments of these styles, but the fashion does not seem to have "taken" as yet with American women.

There are both very large and very small dots on the new veils, also dots of medium size.

As to this detail the latitude left to fancy is very wide.

Fireside Chat.

THE work that is being done in Miss Parloa's Cooking School, is exciting increased interest both among the pupils of the school and among many others who have watched its progress.

Recently Miss Parloa treated of the making and uses of puff paste, and this subject is one of especial interest to all housekeepers.

After prefacing her work with the statement that the hands should first be washed with soap and water, and then dipped in extremely hot, and subsequently in cold water, Miss Parloa brought to her table a quart of pastry flour, a pint of butter, a tablespoonful of salt, a like quantity of sugar, and one and a quarter cupfuls of ice-water, and said:

"Fill a large pan or bowl with boiling water, and a moment later substitute cold water, leaving the bowl finally only half full.

"Wash the pint of butter in this water, and work with the hands until light and waxy; this action freeing it of buttermilk and salt and lightening it, so that the pastry will be more delicate.

"After having shaped the butter into two thin cakes, put it in a pan of ice-water to harden.

"Mix the flour, sugar and salt together, and with the hands rub a third of the butter into the flour.

"Add the water, stirring with a knife, and continue stirring quickly and vigorously until the paste becomes a smooth ball.

"Sprinkle the moulding-board lightly with flour.

"Turn the paste on the board and pound it quickly and lightly with the rolling-pin.

"Be careful not to break the paste. Roll from you and to one side; or, if you prefer to roll from you all the while, turn the paste around.

"When it has been rolled down to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch, wipe the remaining butter, break it into bits and spread these on the paste.

"A light sprinkling of flour should follow, and the paste should be folded, one-third from each side, so that the edges meet.

"Next fold from the ends, but do not have these meet.

"Double the paste, pound lightly, and roll down to the thickness of about a third of an inch.

"Fold as before and roll down again.

"Repeat the operation three times if for pies and six if for vol-au-vents, patties or tarts.

"When it has been rolled for the last time place upon ice.

"It should remain an hour at least in the ice-box before it is used.

"In hot weather if the paste sticks when being rolled, put it on a tin sheet and on ice.

"As soon as it has been chilled it will roll easily.

"The smaller the quantity of flour used when rolling, the better the paste will be; indeed, no matter how carefully all the work is done, the paste will not be good if much flour be used."

Having had her paste, chilled, Miss Parloa made a vol-au-vent in this manner:

The paste was rolled into a ten-inch square, placed on a plate 9½ inches in diameter and cut around the edge of the plate.

Another plate, about inches in diameter, was placed in the centre of the paste, and then a case-knife, that had been dipped into hot water, was used to cut two-thirds through the paste around the edge of the small plate.

The paste was put in a flat baking-pan and into the oven.

In about a quarter of an hour the draughts were closed, to slacken the heat, and the vol-au-vent was cooked about half an hour longer.

When it was removed from the oven the case-knife was used to lift the centre-piece, and the uncooked paste was removed from the vol-au-vent with a spoon.

Then the centre was replaced.

Miss Parloa explained that at the time for serving, the vol-au-vent should be heated through, filled with chicken, sweetbreads, lobster, oysters or something else, and after the cover had been replaced, should be served hot.

All the work except the last part could be done the previous day if more convenient.

For patties Miss Parloa rolled a quantity of puff paste down to the thickness of three quarters of an inch, taking pains to have the thickness even.

Pieces were then cut out with a round tin cutter three and a half inches in diameter and placed in pans.

Another cutter, two and a half inches in diameter, was dipped into hot water and placed in the centre of each patty, to be pressed about two-thirds through, the motion of pressing being rotary.

These centre-pieces, Miss Parloa said, were easily separated from the rest of the patties when baked.

The patties were baked ten minutes in a very hot oven, then the heat was reduced, and they were kept in the oven twenty minutes longer.

When they were removed the centre-pieces were lifted and the uncooked paste taken out, leaving space for meat or fish chopped fine, seasoned with pepper and salt, and warmed in a cream sauce; the covers being finally replaced.

Spanish curls were next made.

The trimmings of puff paste were rolled very thin and cut into long, narrow strips.

These were wound around small conical sticks and baked a quarter of an hour.

The removal of the sticks gave a place for preserved strawberries and whipped cream.

This was the rule furnished for gateau Chantilly:

After rolling puff paste very thin, place a plate upon it and trim the edges with a sharp knife on a jagging-iron.

Place the paste on a tin sheet and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a quick oven.

It takes two pastry cakes for the gateau.

Put half a pint of rich cream into a bowl with one tablespoonful of sugar and two of wine, and whip to a stiff froth.

Cover one side of each of the cakes with strawberry preserve.

Place a cake on a plate, the spread side up, and heap whipped cream upon it.

Place the other cake upon the first, the covered side down.

Sprinkle sugar over the cakes or heap whipped cream upon them and serve—a delicious dish for dessert.

◆

DANIEL MURPHY, said to be the largest land owner in the world, recently died at San Jose, Cal. He owned 200,000 acres bordering on the Pacific coast, 6,000,000 in the State of Durango, Mex., and several counties in Arizona.

◆

ALL that can be supplied towards making the natural hair beautiful and abundant is contained in Ayer's Hair Vigor. It keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the [illegible] and [illegible]. It stimulates [illegible], and promotes a heavy, vigorous growth.

WON.

BY C. B. DORNE.

She was so young and fair,
I could not choose but love her. At her feet
I laid my heart and life—an offering meet.

And when with sweet assent
She let me kiss her trembling lips divine,
I thought that none could part us—she was mine!

Alas, poor hope! Stern words
From sterner parent came; "I cannot yield;
Go thou and fight in Life's great battlefield.

"Fresh laurels win. When rings
Our land from east to west with thy great fame,
Come then and ask me may she bear thy name."

With weary hearts and sad,
Beneath the summer stars we bid good-bye,
And vowed to love, through weal or woe, for aye!

Year after year passed on,
And yet, alas! still flowed the changing sea
Between my heart's desire—my life's one love—and me.

At last, with willing feet
And glad, I homeward turned. My task was done.
Once more within my arms I held her—won!

White-robed, like angel pure,
She came—my bride—to gladden all my life.
I cried: "They cannot part us now, sweet wife."

The joy-bells rung o'erhead,
The birds sang on, as hand in hand we passed
Into a strange sweet life—love-crowned at last.

QUEER CASES.

THE old adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction," is seldom verified in a more marked manner than by the annals of modern surgery.

When I was a student, a man was brought in one night with a compound fracture of the thigh bone—that is to say, the bone was not only broken, but exposed to view through a wound in the skin—a very serious state of affairs. He had been detected by the police in the act of stealing lead off the roof of an empty house; and being surprised and chased, had dropped into an area, and sustained the injury which occasioned his removal to the hospital instead of a police station. An unsuccessful attempt was made to save the limb; amputation was then performed; and, after lingering some weeks, the patient died. So far there was nothing in the case to call for remark; but after death a serious fact cropped out. This was the discovery, at the post mortem examination, of a rough jagged piece of lead weighing several ounces, in the stomach, which could not possibly have been swallowed after his reception into the ward. It must have been bolted by him in the fright and confusion of the chase; or, possibly he may have bitten off a large fragment, in his agony, while he lay in the area. But however that may be, its presence had never been suspected; the man had never mentioned it; and it had set up no symptoms while he was under treatment. It is now preserved in the museum of the hospital.

A lad was once admitted upon whose head a brick had just fallen from a considerable height. He was wounded, bleeding, and insensible; and an examination with the probe revealed "exposed bone"—that is, yielded the grating sensation characteristic of the head-bones from which the covering membrane has been rudely stripped. But there was no apparent fracture or depression of the skull, and the medical men were at a loss to account for the marked symptoms of compression of the brain, which became more and more apparent every minute. These grew so severe at length that it was determined to enlarge the wound in the scalp, and inspect the parts beneath. This having been done, the mystery was explained at once. A corner of the friable brick, pyramidal-shaped, had broken off, and was driven into the bone, the apex of the pyramid piercing it, and splintering it inwards; while the base actually filled up the aperture, and was just on a level with the surrounding bone; and this it was which had come in contact with the probe. The brick being removed and the bone elevated, the boy recovered.

A watchmaker was afflicted with suicidal mania of rather an extraordinary description. So far from seeking death as a refuge from trouble, it was only at such times as the world was running along smoothly with him that he was not to be trusted with deadly weapons. Did sickness or domestic affliction cast their shadow over him? Did pecuniary embarrassment, or even the ordinary worries and vexations incidental to business, harass him? then there was not a saner man breathing, nor one better qualified to cope with all his difficulties, and withstand manfully the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. But directly the "bad time" was over, and his horizon was unchecked with a single cloud, an irresistible propensity to destroy himself seemed to seize hold upon him. He had taken poison twice, had thrown himself into a canal, and had made an attempt to shoot himself, but all ineffectually. Several times he had been imprisoned, and once had spent some months in a lunatic asylum; but the very trouble which his act entailed upon himself appeared on each occasion to do away with all desire to repeat it. At length he cut his throat so badly that for many months his life was despaired of; he recovered eventually, and expressed the greatest abhorrence of his conduct; but a small fistulous opening in the windpipe remained obstinately unclosed in spite of treatment, and became a source of great annoyance to him, rendering it necessary for him always to close it with his finger when he wanted to speak, and giving rise at times to dangerous attacks of inflammation. This went on for three years, during which time he steadily attended to his business, and was in conduct, conversation, and every other respect, a rational watchmaker. But a successful operation was performed at the end of that time; the aperture healed up, and the man was relieved of a distressing infirmity. Within two weeks he left his shop one afternoon, and committed suicide—this time in determined earnest.

Grains of Gold.

To cure melancholy, set about doing good.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow.

The great question of life is, "What shall we do?"

Show is not substance; realities govern wise men.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.

If you would create something, you must be something.

There are many echoes in the world, and but few voices.

Candor is often nothing but another name for rudeness or malice.

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.

If the soul is not engaged in worship, it is as though it worshipped not.

He who has no opinion, but depends upon the advice of others, is a slave.

It needs less ability to discover the faults of others than to bear with them.

Reason wrapped up in a few words is generally of the greatest weight.

Do but half of what you can and you will be surprised at your diligence.

One single act of indiscretion may mar the enjoyment of a whole existence.

He that will not look before him, will have to look behind him with regret.

All men are liberal; some to those who are in need, and others to themselves.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.

There is one art of which every man should be master—the art of reflection.

See that your character is right, and your reputation will be right, in the long run.

Writing may be compared to wine—sense is the strength, but wit is the flavor.

Never let your will outrun your charity; the former is but human, the latter is divine.

The world is too often satisfied with words; few care to dive beneath the surface.

The self-conceit of the young is the great source of those dangers to which they are exposed.

Count the world not as an inn, but as an hospital; not as a place to live in, but as a place to die in.

Never despise humble services; when large ships run aground, little boats may pull them off.

There are few people in the world more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be so.

He who cares only for himself in youth will be a a niggard in manhood, and a miser in his old age.

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.

Religion finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us; and its mission—the masterpiece—is to unite them.

Don't despise the small talents; they are sometimes needful as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

The reason why we find so many dark places in the Bible, is for the most part, because there are so many dark places in our hearts.

Religious principles inculcated in a child's heart are like golden nails which time drives in fast, and no philosophical claw can completely draw out.

Femininities.

The boldest faro players in Carson City, Nev., are women.

A handsome woman is a jewel, a good woman is a treasure.

Every one sings as he has the gift, and marries as he has the luck.

Every well-conducted Boston paper has a woman on its editorial staff.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart, when it is the abode of pity.

Queen Victoria, Christian, has more Mahometan subjects than followers of Jesus of Nazareth.

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects a woman's softness.

Michael Barron told his affianced bride, at Baltimore, Ohio, that she was too sweet to live, and proved his sincerity by shooting her.

All the barons of Prussia will be compelled to prove their right to the title before next April. This is for the especial protection of American heiresses.

George Eliot describes the essential attributes of a lady to be high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habit.

A serenaded girl leaned too far out of her window, at Pottsville, to see who the singers were, and fell to the ground, wrecking the party and their song on the way.

A little girl was walking on the street the other day; she saw a very bow-legged man, with a short coat on. Oh, ma! she cried, there's a man with a tunnel under him!

A recent dictate of fashion is important to all married men. It is that small checks will be the rule for spring and summer silk dresses. It generally takes such large checks.

Within fifteen minutes after having been bitten on the lip by a spider a Texas lady was unconscious from the affects of the venom of the insect. Her life was saved with the greatest difficulty.

A Southwark woman keeps only one servant to do her work instead of two. She says help is always leaving, and when you are left alone it is a great deal easier to do the work of one servant than of two.

A woman lay three days in a trance at Big Rapids, Mich. On recovering, she believed that she had died and come to life as another person. This delusion cannot be expelled, though in other respects she is sane.

A new profession—that of accompanying young ladies to and from balls—is reported to have been recently started. Hair-dressers advertise that they will dress the hair of ladies and then escort them to their destination.

The hair of a girl employed in the Elgin Watch Factory was caught in the machinery and violently pulled. From that time all of the new growth was white, and now the receding color has reached a point half way to the ends.

There is nobody who can stir up so many church rows, says a prominent Methodist preacher, as the brother or sister who claims to live a life of sinless perfection. That divine has not devoted all his energies to the study of theology.

In St. John's, N. B., the other day, at the funeral of a lady, the pall-bearers were six women. They wore black dresses, with white gloves and veils, and carried the coffin from the hearse to the house, again into the church, and to the grave.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that there is nothing in the world tenderer than the pity that a kind-hearted young girl has for a young man who feels lonely. Any young man is willing to feel lonely simply for the sake of being an object of pity to a kind-hearted young girl.

A Michigan woman cleaned a carpet with a mixture largely made up of chloroform. While engaged in the work she was overpowered by the drug, and would doubtless have died had not a domestic found her and removed the dangerous compound from beside her as she lay on the floor.

The wife of a Texas liveryman told him to send a close carriage to their house, with a discreet driver, as the order was from a couple who proposed to elope, and desired to make the flight secretly. He believed this, and found that it was the truth, but not the whole truth, for the woman of the pair was his wife.

Two sisters, by the name of Ely, aged 16 and 14, located a mining claim in the Como district of Nevada several months since, and christened it the Woodbine and Daffodil. They are sinking a shaft by their own labor, and, with the happy confidence of their own sex, express implicit faith in their enterprise.

Bloomington has been holding pic-nics on the ice. That's the kind that will take with the young men. No swings to push; no pitch to get on your pantaloons; no flying-horses to grind; no ant-hills to sit down on; no boats to row—nothing whatever to do but pick up girls when they slip down on the ice.

The Italians have a prayer which reads: "I pray that I may never be married. But if I marry, I pray that I may not be deceived. But, if I am deceived, I pray that I may not know of it. But if I know it, I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair." This is most excellent philosophy—for Italy.

The young Freshwomen at Vassar are now required to submit to a process called squelching, which, judging from the vague accounts at hand, appears to be something in the nature of an extra course in rhetoric. They are represented as very wroth over the infliction, and have even gone so far as to suggest to the faculty that hazing be substituted as more humane.

There are four ladies now living in Cincinnati, each of whom have locks of hair cut from the head of the Prince of Wales, while he was visiting that city in 1860. There was a great deal of anxiety at that time to obtain relics of the Prince, and the enterprising barber who cut the royal hair netted some $70 over and above the $10 he was paid by the Prince.

News Notes.

A soap mine has been discovered in California.

Monks have doubled in number in Belgium since 1830.

It costs $600,000 annually to sustain the Salvation Army.

A South Carolina negro has 43 children, and 234 grandchildren.

The duty on sugar yielded $47,000,000 to the Government last year.

This country spends nearly $800,000 a year on dolls for its little girls.

The Boston aldermen have voted to light the entire city with electric lights.

London is becoming more and more fond of organ recitals after evening service.

One of the English railroads is taking steps to introduce the American baggage-check system.

Weighing experiments show that the men and women of the West are larger than those of the East.

At a recent aristocratic marriage in England several of the gentlemen wore plain gold earrings.

The Supreme Court of the United States forbids lawyers to wear within its bar anything but black.

A new throne of richly-carved black oak, costing $9,000, is being prepared for the coronation of the Czar.

"Never kiss anybody on the mouth," says Dr. Hall, "unless you are reckless of consequences."

Canadian papers report the arrival of a new bird in great numbers, which prey upon the English sparrows.

Lenten lilies, mingled with delicate fern fronds, constitute the most correct corsage bouquet of the present season.

The State Auditor of Indiana was profane in the presence of a policeman, who immediately dragged him off to a cell.

The colored schools in New York City have been abolished, and the ordinary schools opened to colored children.

A Russian nobleman, who claims to have been defrauded out of a large estate, has settled as a watch-maker in Richmond, Va.

Over 4,000 floral crowns were heaped around Gambetta's coffin in the Palais Bourbon. Their value is estimated at $100,000.

The par value of a share of stock in the Chemical Bank of New York is $100, but if you wanted to buy one it would cost you $2,100.

Soap-bubbles can be blown to a size of two feet in diameter, and kept two days by using a preparation of oleate of soda and glycerine.

For the last month ten thousand men have been engaged in harvesting ice on the Hudson River. They have cut and stored nearly 2,500,000 tons.

A man in Georgia last year made $9,000 from one hundred acres of watermelons. This year 7,000 acres, in seven counties, will be planted with the vine.

The French National Library is the largest in the world, and contains something like 2,000,000 volumes, or twice as many as there are in the British Museum.

Colorado's contributions to the wealth of the world in precious metals is $4,000,000 greater than last year, and is said to show no signs of exhaustion.

The English Postmaster-General is totally blind, his Accountant-General is totally deaf, and one of the highest officers in the admiralty is deaf and dumb.

In one of the public schools of Boston a room has been fitted up for instruction in wood-work, and two classes have given two hours a day to manual study.

A liking for one-story factories has been developed among the manufacturers of New England, and they have been built in many cases where the nature of the site permits.

An English lady residing in Greece gave a number of soldiers in the Greek Army copies of the New Testament, and the Greek Government made the soldiers return them.

An English paper asserts that it costs as much to transport a bushel of wheat twelve miles on a turnpike road in England as from an American seaport across 3,000 miles of ocean.

Not less than three bells the law directs every vehicle to carry when snow is on the ground. The interpretation of the law is generous, and not less than thirty bells are the general rule.

The offer of a Boston merchant to build a coasting track on the Common, after the Russian fashion, was regarded as a generous act, until the thing was conspicuously lettered with an advertisement.

Instead of looking at the dress of a Siamese to estimate his rank, it is necessary to cast the eye upon the servant following close behind him, who bears upon a tray the badge which designates his master's rank.

ALTHOUGH MANY ARE PREDISPOSED TO LUNG TROUBLES FROM BIRTH, yet even such may escape Consumption, or other Pulmonary or Bronchial disease, if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant exercises its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly removing Coughs and Colds, which, when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

New Publications.

"Always Keep a Smile for Mother."—The above is the name of a new song and chorus, by the popular writer, Charlie Baker. The words are elegant and music easy, so that everybody will be able to play it. Price 35 cents per copy. F. W. Helmick, 136 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

"Never Go Back on a Traveling Man."—We have just received from the publisher a copy of the above named popular commercial ballad. The music is very pretty and simple; can be played either on the piano or organ. The title page is finely illustrated. F. W. Helmick, 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

"Six Feet of Earth."—We have just received a copy of the above named celebrated motto song, composed by James E. Stewart. It is original, and of a pleasing character; suitable for old or young. Price 35 cents per copy, or 3 copies for $1.00. Address all orders to F. W. Helmick, Music Publisher, 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

O tave Feuillet's great novel, *A Parisian Romance*, just published, is the work from which the famous play of the same name was dramatized. This play has been for a long while the leading dramatic attraction in New York, and is soon to be performed throughout the country. In France the success of "A Parisian Romance," both as a novel and on the stage was simply unbounded. All who have seen or expect to see the wonderful drama, should read the absorbing narrative as it first came from Feuillet's pen, and thus get the powerful plot and all the thrilling scenes in their entirety. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila. Price 50 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Saint Nicholas for March has a notable list of contributors. Archibald Forbes, the distinguished war-correspondent of the London *Daily News*, furnishes a vividly interesting story of the Turco-Russian war, entitled Where was Villiers? Rose Terry Cooke contributes a capital story of the Michigan fires of 1881, called The Wrong Coat. There is a charming poem, Ben Bruin, by Lucy Larcom, and one by Celia Thaxter. Lucretia P. Hale gives us the latest particulars from the Peterkins. Prof. William Elliot Griffis, the eminent orientalist, writes about Hokusai, a famous Japanese comic artist. That Sly Old Woodchuck is a characteristic American boy story by W. O. Stoddard; and Miss Anna Eichberg, author of The First Violin, has a delightful tale from the German of Leander. E. S. Brooks finishes his four-part story of The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Frank R. Stockton contributes a picturesque and thrilling installment of the Story of Viteau, and J. T. Trowbridge tells how the Tinkham Brothers took a firm stand in defense of their Tide-mill. The frontispiece is an engraving of Greuze's celebrated painting of The Broken Pitcher. Besides the foregoing, there are a large number of stories, sketches, poems, and pictures. Century Co., New York.

The March *Wide-Awake* will be eagerly snapped up boys of ambition and vim, in order to finish what the Eighty-three Business Men have to say about our Business Boys. From this article the boys will probably turn to Fred Ober's Yucatan serial, The Silver City, or to Rev. Irving L. Beman's story of Evan Cogswell's Ice Fort, or to Edward Everett Hale's To-Day Talk about the dead French statesman, Gambetta, or to A Boy's Workshop, or to Prof. Sargent's Health and Strength Paper, or to Mrs. Cheever's jolly out-of-doors story, Camp Hamperford—for all these contributions, interesting to everybody, are of peculiar interest to the boys. Act II. of the White Mountain Comedy, More Than They Bargained for, is as full of fun as it is of delicate characterization; and a fine humor also pervades Old Caravan Days, and Mrs. Diaz's John Spicer Lecture on Clothes. Mrs. L. T. Craigin has a good story, Elie's Holocaust; Miss Harris concludes her history of a botanical experiment, A Winter Garden; The Next Neighbor writes, in Anna Maria's Housekeeping, of Two Teakettles. The poems are Auctioning off the Baby, by M. E. B., The Cat-tail Arrow, by Clara Doty Bates, Ethel's Advice to Baby, by Margaret Sidney, That Little Bonnet, by Miss Wilkins, also George Eliot's famous, O, May I Join the Choir Invisible. Only $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has the following list of contents for March: The Growth and Effect of Railway Consolidation, by Gerrit L. Lansing; Queer Phases of Animal Life, by Felix L. Oswald, M.D.; Natural Religion, by R. W. Boodle; Vivisection and Practical Medicine, by G. F. Yeo, F. R. C. S.; Evolution of the Camp-Meeting, by Joseph Parrish, M. D.; Sewage at the Sea-Side, by Alice Hynman Rhine; Icebergs and Fog in the North Atlantic, by Captain J. W. Shackford; Remedial Value of the Climate of Florida, by George E. Walton, M. D.; A South African Arcadia, by C. G. Buttner; Piratical Publishers, by Leonard Scott; A Chapter in Transcendental Pathology; The Pedigree of Wheat, by Prof. Grant Allen; A Few Words About Eatables by C. B. Radcliffe, M. D.; Sketch of Sir C. Wyville Thomson, (with portrait); Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York, Publishers.

One of the pretty little juvenile magazines published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, is called *The Pansy*, edited by Mrs. G. R. Alden, author of the *Pansy* stories. It is charmingly illustrated and contains choice original stories, poetry etc. The weekly edition costs only 75 cents a year, or 7 cents for the monthly number.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Brownwood, Tex., Feb. 2, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

B. B.

Yoncolla, Ore., Feb. 8, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. A.

Dubois, Iowa, Feb. 8, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

S. R. S.

Milan, Kans., Feb. 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

J. P. S.

Brownsville, Minn., Feb 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

A. E. C.

Philadelphia, Mo., Feb. 7, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

M. E. S.

Hoxie, Tex., Feb. 5, 83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

J. M.

Roanoke, Va., Feb. 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

B. D.

Dallas, O., Feb. 6, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

E. B.

Plattsburg, Mo., Feb. 3, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

J. J. S.

Stockbridge, Wis., Feb. 4, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. J. M.

Timberville, Va., Feb. 3, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

S. K. V.

St. Charles, Minn., Feb. 5, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. W. B.

Springfield, O., Feb. 8, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

C. H. W.

Fort Valley, Ga., Feb. 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. F. C.

Bee Creek, Ill., Feb. 3, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

B. M.

Sweetwater, Ill, Feb. 7, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

J. W. P.

McPaul, Iowa, Dec. 8, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. M. C.

BRAIN-POWER.

WE are supposed to live in an age when brute force has ceased to rule, and when brain-power alone is the governing agent. We may fairly divide the subjects employed in modern mental training into those which store, and those which strengthen the mind. Languages; a knowledge of history and geography; the facts connected with various sciences—such as chemistry, astronomy, electricity, etc., are stores; but not one of these does more than store the mind.

Men's minds were stored with a certain number of astronomical facts when Galileo attempted to revive the olden belief that the earth rotated; but their minds had not been strengthened, as it was the leading astronomers who most offered opposition to him. Several men with stored minds were the great opponents of Stephenson, who had talked about traveling twenty miles an hour on a railroad. So that it appears that no matter how well a mind may be stored, if it is incapable of judging correctly on a novelty, it cannot be called a strong mind.

Our competitive examinations tend almost entirely to bring to the front those whose minds are the best stored, and many persons, therefore have come to the conclusion that, by such a course we have obtained for our various services what are termed "the cleverest youths." It does not, however, follow that this result has been obtained. The greatest brain-power may actually be low down in the list of a competitive examination in which stored knowledge alone has been requisite. There is a certain advantage to be gained by storing the mind with facts, and some people imagine that a knowledge of these facts indicates an educated and strong mind. It, however, merely proves that the mind has been stored; it does not prove it to have been strengthened.

We may know what Cæsar did under certain conditions, how Alfred the Great organized his police so that he could hang bracelets of value on sign-posts without fearing that highwaymen would steal them; and a multitude of other similar facts may have been stored in our minds; but any quantity of such stores do not show practical brain-power.

It is even now considered that by making a boy pass through a long course in mathematics or classics, and then testing his acquired knowledge by an examination, we adopt the best method of obtaining the greatest brain-power. We may derive an advantage, supposing mathematics or classics are requisite in the future career of the boy; but as a test of brain-power and perseverence, we would much sooner select the boy who could the most rapidly and most certainly solve a three-move chess problem. And if mathematics are not required in the future career of a boy, it would be equally as unreasonable to devote three years to the solution of chess problems, as it is to devote a like period to the solution of the higher branches of mathematics.

The average occupation of young men require nothing more than stored minds and powers of observation; consequently, our competitive examinations serve to some extent to bring to the front such qualifications. But it is not among such that we obtain our discoverers, inventors, real statesmen, or good generals. The mere routine man will almost invariably bring about a disaster when he has novel conditions to deal with; and, as a rule, the routine youth comes out best at an examination.

At the present time we have apparently no accurate test by which to measure the relative brain-power of individuals. Competitive examinations cannot do so, for the reasons that we have stated.

Success in life is, again, dependent on so many influences outside of the individual, that his success is no test.

The accumulation of money—that is, getting rich—is often but the result of selfishness and cruel bargains, and cannot be invariably accepted as a proof of brain-power.

Considering these facts, therefore, it appears that just as intellect is invisible, so the relative power of intellect is unmeasurable; and, instead of forming hasty conclusions as to the relative powers of two men, from the results of examinations, we may perceive that by such means we may be selecting those only who, under certain conditions, may have succeeded in storing their minds with the facts required for that examination

◆

☞ Diamond Dyes are so perfect and so beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. 10 cents.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

43- SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the Same Time on
Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

"My friend, E. C. Legard, of this city, used to be drawn double from painful Kidney Disease. Kidney-Wort cured him."—James M. Kinney, druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., Aug. 22-82.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

4- SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

"I've gained 20 pounds in two months," writes Mr. J. C. Power, of Trenton, Ill., (Dec. 2-82), "and am a well man. I'd suffered with liver disorders since 1862. Kidney-Wort cured me."

Strong words from a New York clergyman "I unhesitatingly recommend Kidney-Wort. It greatly benefitted me," says Rev. C. E. Kemble, of Mohawk, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

43- If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

Acts at the Same Time on
Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

"For 12 years," writes Lyman T. Abell, of Georgia, Vt., "I found no relief from piles, until I tried Kidney-Wort. It has cured me."

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE
FOR
—R-H-E-U-M-A-T-I-S-M—

As it is for all the painful diseases of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
44- Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.

Acts at the Same Time on
Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

"I had habitual costiveness, pain in the back, and rheumatism," writes S. J. Scott, Burlington, Vt. "Kidney-Wort has cured them all."

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

FUN AND MYSTERY

Endless amusement for only 30 Cents. Our New Budget contains [illegible] Pictures; [illegible] choice Selections in Prose and Verse for Autograph Albums; [illegible] pieces of Popular Music; 1 pack "Hold to Light" Cards; 1 pack Comic Escort and Acquaintance Cards; 1 pack Flirtation Cards; 1 Star Puzzle; [illegible] Interesting Games; 12 New Tricks in Magic; [illegible] New and Pretty Fancy Work Patterns; 1 pack [illegible] Wonderful Delusion Cards; 1 Mystic Oracle; The Great $5.00 Prize Puzzle; 1 Chinese Puzzle; 1 Egyptian Cross Puzzle; 1 Game of Fortune Telling; 1 Double Throat for imitating every sound in the animal kingdom; 1 Japanese Handkerchief; 1 Ornamental Palette; 1 Elegantly Decorated [illegible]. The entire lot [illegible] goods for only 30 cents, or two lots for fifty cents, postpaid. (Postage stamps taken.) Send now! Address *Home M'f'g Co., Box [illegible], Boston, Mass.*

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The New Improved
MONARCH LIGHTNING
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is the cheapest and best. A boy sixteen years old can saw logs *fast and easy.* *Sent on test trial.* Send postal for Illustrated Catalogue containing testimonials and full particulars. AGENTS WANTED. Monarch Lightning Saw Co., 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

"CHROMO CARDS."—A Complete Set for 15c. Nutmeg Card Co., Cheshire, Conn.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Some men do write when they do wrong,
  And some do live who dye:
And some are "short" when they are long,
  And stand when they do lie.

A man is early when he's late;
  Is round when he is square;
He may die early and dilate,
  And may be foul when "fair."

He may be "fast" when he is slow,
  And "loose" when he is "tight,"
And "high" when he is very low,
  And heavy when he's "light."

He may be wet when he is "dry;"
  He may be "great" when small;
May purchase when he won't go by;
  Have naught when he has awl.

He may be sick when he is "swell,"
  And hot when he is cold;
He's skilled so he on earth may dwell,
  And when he's young he's sold.

—S. T. OLEN.

Facetiæ.

"I see through it now," as the servant said when she knocked the bottom out of the water-pail.

If "a little learning is a dangerous thing," some of our city officers are in a very critical condition.

An actress of this city was offered a sealskin cloak if she wouldn't speak for an hour. At the end of seven minutes she exclaimed: "Mind, it's got to be a $250 one."

Contradiction still—She: "Be it so then. I agree that I have faults." He (emphatically): "O, yes." She (surprised): "Well, what are they, sir? Name them if you can!"

The Bee-Keeper's Journal officially announces that the honey-bee cannot hear. That's too bad. All you say to one of the critters when you get it out of your trousers is entirely wasted.

How may burglars be kept out of the house, is a question that is now agitating the public mind. Perhaps it might be done by leaving all the valuables out on the front door-steps at night.

In China children are vaccinated on the end of their nose. That would be a good idea for this country, as it would at least keep some people's noses out of other people's business until the scab got well.

"I know," said a little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper-table, "that you will join our Society for the Protection of Little Birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks."

A political candidate promises the position of market clerk to 230 different friends, and after his election gives the place to his uncle. Find words, if you think you can, in which to express the feelings of the 230.

Human bones have been found in the debris of the old postoffice in New York. They are supposed to be the remains of people who were reckless enough to bother the stamp clerk while he was reading the latest novel.

People who are constantly inveighing against Mr. Vanderbilt simply because he is rich and spends his money as he likes, should remember that some day they may be rich themselves. Never strike a man when he is down.

Heard on the street—"Why, that man was your chum at school, and you two were always inseparable, yet now you pass him with a cool bow. Has any dispute occurred?" "Oh, no; we dearly love each other still, but it would not look well to show it. I have become a doctor, and he has become an undertaker.

24-Stop Organ for $51.

The offer made in this issue of THE POST by Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, of a 24-Stop Organ for $51, delivered at your very door, is one that lasts but 10 days from the date of this newspaper, and our readers should take advantage of it at once. The well-won reputation of this house assures buyers that they will get what he advertises; and the price, with all freight prepaid, should give him, as it will, thousands of additional satisfied customers. We are informed by good authority that Mr. Beatty is manufacturing and shipping sixty-nine organs daily, and is running his factory nights in order to fill orders promptly.

The Washington (New Jersey) *Star* says: "The Hon. John Hill, Member of Congress of Boonton, New Jersey, accompanied by his wife, visited the Beatty Organ Factory, at Washington, New Jersey, on Tuesday last. He expressed himself not only gratified, but astonished, at the extent and activity of Mayor Beatty's Organ Works. The prejudice which every young business man has to confront, whose success is rapidly achieved, is giving way before Mayor Beatty, and his wonderful business capacity is coming to be generally recognized and acknowledged."

We clip the following editorial from last week's *Christian at Work*: "Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, whose indefatigable pluck has raised him from a poor boy to a reputed fortune of half a million, is an example of what can be done by fair dealing and persistent effort. He has the largest organ factory in the country, and makes from 50 to 60 instruments daily."

A MEETING of the stockholders of *Our Continent* Publishing Company will be held at the office of said Company, in the city of Philadelphia on the twenty-sixth day of March, 1883, to elect officers and vote upon an increase and preference of stock.
By order of the Board of Directors.
Jan. 22, 1883. H. W. B. HOWARD, Sec'y.

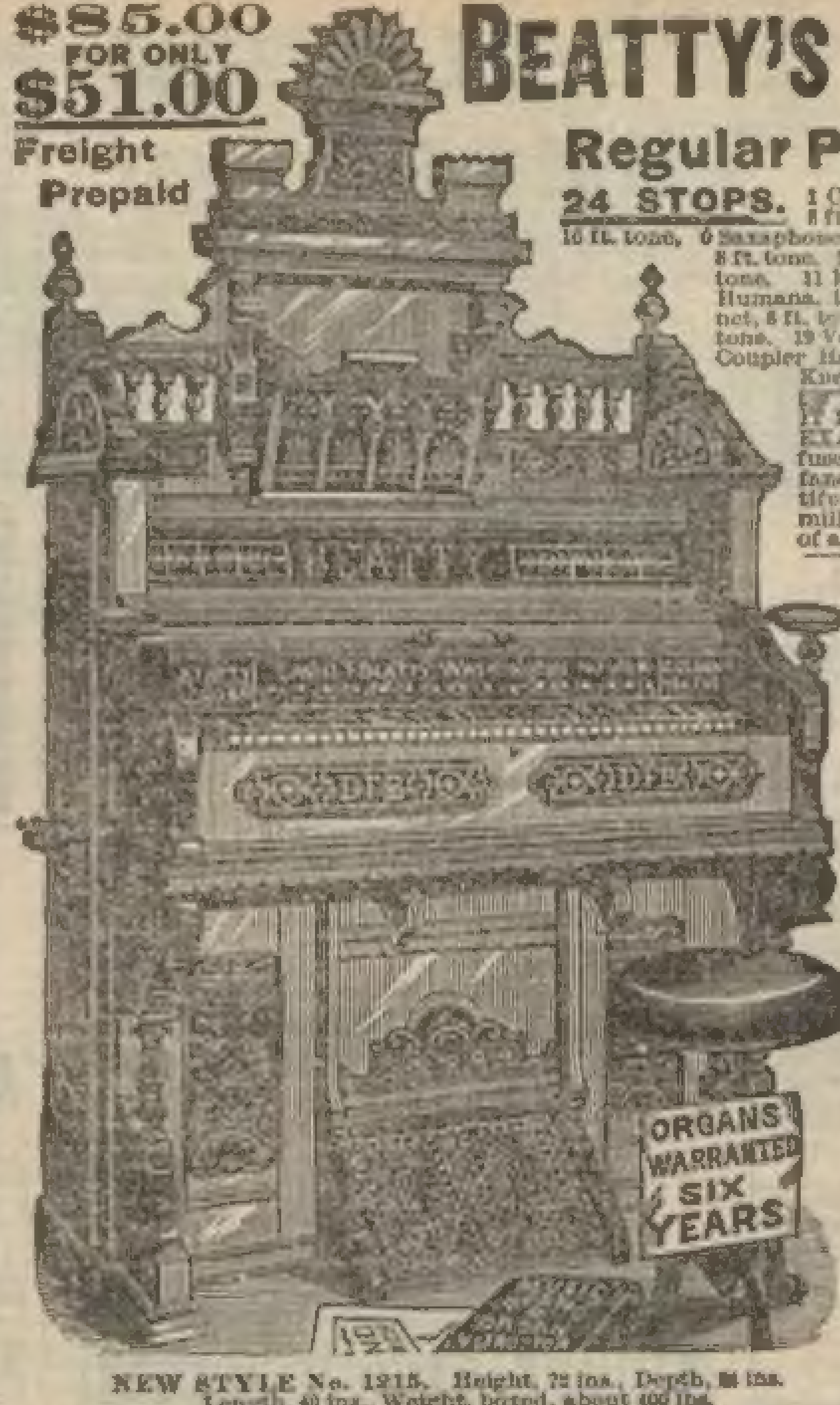
Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand Rubber Stamps. Samples free. FOLJAMBE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

$85.00 FOR ONLY $51.00 Freight Prepaid



NEW STYLE No. 1215. Height, 72 ins., Depth, 24 ins. Length, 40 ins., Weight, boxed, about 400 lbs.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS ONLY $51.00

Regular Price $85.00 Without Stool, Book and Music.

24 STOPS. 1 Cello, 8 ft. tone. 2 Melodia, 8 ft. tone. 3 Clarabella, 8 ft. tone. 4 Manual Sub-Bass 16 ft. tone. 5 Bourdon, 16 ft. tone. 6 Saxaphone, 8 ft. tone. 7 Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone. 8 Diapason, 8 ft. tone. 9 Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone. 10 Grand Expressione, 8 ft. tone. 11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone. 12 Harp Æolian. 13 Vox Humana. 14 Echo, 8 ft. tone. 15 Dulciana, 8 ft. tone. 16 Clarionet, 8 ft. tone. 17 Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone. 18 Violina, 4 ft. tone. 19 Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. tone. 20 Piccolo, 4 ft. tone. 21 Coupler Harmonique. 22 Orchestral Forte. 23 Grand Organ Knee Stop. 24 Right Organ Knee Stop.

☞ This Organ is a triumph of the organ-builders' art. IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL IN APPEARANCE, BEING EXACTLY LIKE CUT. The Case is solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand-carving and expensive fancy veneers. The Music Pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

FIVE SETS REEDS. Five Octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the Sweet VOIX CELESTE STOP, the famous French Horn Solo Combination, New Grand Organ Right and Left Knee Stops, to control the entire motion by the Knee, if necessary. Five (5) Sets of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: a set of powerful Sub-Bass Reeds; set of 3 Octaves of VOIX CELESTE; one set of FRENCH HORN REEDS, and 2 1-2 Octaves each of regular GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS. Besides all this, it is fitted up with an OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the instrument. Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, also Sounding Board, &c., &c. It has a Sliding Lid and conveniently arranged Handles for moving. The Bellows which are of the upright pattern, are made from the best quality of rubber cloth, are of great power, and are fitted up with steel springs and the best quality of pedal straps. The Pedals, instead of being covered with carpet, are polished metal, neat design, never get out of repair or worn

SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER. *If you will remit me $51 and the annexed Coupon within 10 days from the date hereof, I will box and ship you this Organ, with Organ Bench, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for $85. You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days. One year's test trial given and a full warrantee for Six years.*

Given under my Hand and Seal this 22nd day of March, 1883.

Daniel F. Beatty

COUPON **$37.** On receipt of this Coupon and $51 in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express Prepaid, or by Check on your Bank, if forwarded within 10 days from date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this Coupon for $37, as part payment on my celebrated 24 Stop $85 Parlor Organ, with Bench, Book, etc., providing the cash balance of $51 accompanies this Coupon, and I will send you a receipted bill in full for $85 and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you, (provided you order immediately, within the 10 days), I agree to prepay freight on the above organ to your nearest railroad freight station, any point east of the Mississippi River, or that far on any going west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument as it were at your very door, all freight prepaid, at manufacturer's wholesale prices. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence.

HOW TO ORDER. Enclosed find $51.00 for Organ. I have read your statement in this advertisement and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forwarded it, at six per cent., according to your offer. ☞ Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. ☞ Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price. PROVIDING ORDER IS GIVEN IMMEDIATELY

Address or call upon the Manufacturer } **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

CURED OF CONSUMPTION

Philadelphia, April 26, 1880.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK,

Dear Sir:—You will probably remember that when I last saw you with my little daughter that you told me you would like to hear in regard to her health at least once in six months, as she might need more of your advice and medicine as she grew older.

My only apology for failing to call on you or to write is, that her health has been so good since you cured her, that I was well satisfied that she was not in need of medical attention. At the same time I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never repay unless it be that I can benefit you by giving a statement of her case for publication, and this I have concluded to do, as I know it will be of great use to others who are similarly afflicted.

In 1875 my daughter, who was then eight years of age, contracted a heavy cold, which soon settled on her lungs. The doctor whom I employed at that time told me that her lungs were affected. She had severe pains in her side and night sweats; and, as she had no appetite she soon wasted away to almost a skeleton. Every one could see at this time that she was fast going with consumption. Both my husband and myself were very much prejudiced against all patent medicines, and although we had heard of many cures performed by your remedies we delayed using them or getting your advice until she had been given up by all the doctors we had consulted.

We were living in Reading, Pa., at this time, and when we informed our friends that we had concluded to go to Philadelphia with our little daughter to get your advice, they all said we were foolish to do so, as they did not think she could live to get there. She was indeed very low. We carried her all the way on pillows, and when we arrived at your office it really seemed to us that it would be like raising one from the dead if you cured her. After an examination you said it *was possible* to cure her. We commenced to give your medicines that day, and in a few days after her appetite began to improve rapidly. Some weeks after this a swelling came on her side which grew very large and finally broke, discharging large quantities of matter. This continued for a long time, but as her appetite was continually improving and she was apparently gaining strength, we continued the use of the medicines as you directed. Her night sweats and pain soon left her. Although she gained very slow she finally entirely recovered; in fact she has had better health since her recovery than ever before. No one can doubt who saw her when so low, that it was your medicines and kind attention that saved her life.

Yours truly,

MRS. LIZZIE EVENS.

No. 737 N. 25th St., Philadelphia.

DR. SCHENCK'S book on Diseases of the Lungs and their Cure is sent free to all. Address J. H. SCHENCK & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Schenck's Medicines:

MANDRAKE PILLS,
SEAWEED TONIC,
and **PULMONIC SYRUP,**

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.

A PRINCELY OFFER

Desiring to introduce our paper entitled YOUTH into thousands of homes, where it is not already taken, we make the following princely offer: upon receipt of sixty cents in postage stamps, we will send YOUTH for six months, and to each person we will send, *free*, the following 8 premiums: **One Combination Needle Casket**, containing 4 Papers Celebrated Long-Eyed Needles, 2 Steel Bodkins, 3 Yarn Darners, 2 Double Long-Eyed Darners, 2 Fine Darners, 2 Motto Needles, 2 Wool Darners, 2 Carpet Needles, 2 Worsted Needles, 2 Button Needles. These Needles are best quality. **One Collar Button. One Microscopic Charm**, containing the Lord's Prayer. It occupies a space less than the eye of a fine needle, yet magnifying to such an extent as to show the Lord's Prayer printed in LARGE TYPE. **One Beautiful Chinese Lamp Shade**, of variegated color and rich design, will fit any lamp, and is very handsome indeed. **One Cinderella Thimble-Case**, containing a Gold-Plated Thimble. The case is made of light metal, run in a mould, covered and lined with velvet and silk, and is elegantly embroidered with silk floss of various colors. **One Charm Knife**, suitable for a lady or gent. **One Imitation Colored Porcelain Pin**; this is entirely new, and just imported from Paris. It is beautifully colored in imitation of a full-blown rose, with leaves and branches, nothing about it to tarnish, and will wear for years. **One Elegant Ladies' Pearl Shell Necklace.** This elegant necklace is composed of many beautiful pearl shells. At each end is a tassel, likewise composed of the shells, and when worn the ends are twisted just above the tassels to join. No lady can fail to be proud of this magnificent necklace.

For $3.00 we will send six lots; get five friends to join you, and thus secure your own premiums and paper free. YOUTH is a large, 32-column Illustrated, Literary and Family Paper, filled with bright and sparkling Stories, Sketches, Poems, Household Notes, Puzzles, Pictures, etc., in fact, everything to amuse and instruct the whole family circle. Address YOUTH PUB'G CO., 32 Doane St., Boston, Mass.

Landreth's Earliest Cabbage

Ten days earlier than any other cabbage, and producing well-formed conical heads remarkably large size for so early a ripener. Whoever plants it will be amazed at its early maturity; and if he be a market-gardner, will be able to place it in the market ahead of all competitors.

We have reports of this variety reaching ten pounds in weight, remarkable considering its extreme earliness.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, containing full catalogue of Landreth's Celebrated Garden, Field, and Flower seeds, with directions for culture in English and German. Also, catalogue of implements and tools, free of charge.

Price lists, wholesale and retail, furnished upon application. Landreth's seeds are in sealed packages, with name and full directions for culture.

D. LANDRETH & SONS,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, between Market and Chestnut Streets, and Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

POLYGAMY OR, THE MYSTERIES of MORMONISM

This work gives a full account of their sacrilegious Doctrines and Practices, their blasphemous Rites and Ceremonies, and is the only authentic History of this vile Sect published. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address,
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Beautiful Chromo Pallets 6cts. each; 5½x7½ Lithographs, $1.15 per 100; 12 samples for 20cts; 10x14, Garfield Family, 10 cts. each. Six funniest cards out for two 3ct. stamps.
J. LATHAM & CO., 419 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

"Over the Garden Wall," and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads, words and music, entire lot 10c. PATTEN & Co, 47 Barclay St., N.Y.

FREE TO YOU!

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT! There has just been produced an elegant Album of Photographic Views, embracing every object of interest in every important city and country in the world. It is entitled **"An Album of the World's Wonders,"** and contains 116 beautiful Photographic Views in London, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paris, Marseilles, Berlin, Munich, Stuttgart, Dresden, Hamburgh, Baden-Baden, Frankfort, Stockholm, Christiania, Copenhagen, Vienna, Rome, Naples, Milan, Florence, Venice, Brussels, Amsterdam, Switzerland, St. Petersburgh, Cologne, Palestine, Constantinople, New York, Chicago, Boston and Melbourne. The views are not cheap or inferior, but are the finest and most elegant specimens of the photographer's art, and the whole are handsomely bound in a beautiful album, forming one of the most entertaining and instructive productions of the age. As we turn its many pages we see spread before us a complete panorama of the world, with all its wonderful sights—the public buildings, castles, palaces, ancient ruins, parks, harbors, streets, cathedrals, etc., etc., and our satisfaction is almost as great as if we had journeyed round the world to see these wonderful sights. This charming album should have a place upon every parlor table, and, in order to introduce our splendid literary and family paper, **The Fireside at Home**, into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following *extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only* **Twenty-five Cents** in postage stamps we will send **The Fireside at Home** *for* **Three Months**, and we will also send, **Free** *and post-paid to every subscriber,* **"An Album of the World's Wonders,"** *as described above.* The album is sent absolutely *free* as a premium with the paper. The Fireside at Home is a mammoth illustrated paper containing in every issue 16 pages, 64 columns, of the choicest reading matter, embracing serial and short stories, sketches, poems, useful knowledge, history, biography, wit and humor, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct every member of the family! Send now and get this great bargain! *Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* As to our reliability we refer to the publisher of any newspaper in New York. Five subscriptions and five Albums will be sent for $1.00; therefore by getting four of your friends to send with you, you will secure your own free. *Address,*
F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of **EPILEPTIC FITS.**

From Am. Journal of Medicine.

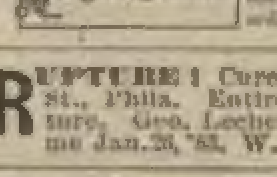
Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

LADIES!

"CORPULENE" renders thin, lean and slender persons stout. Wonderful results in **30 days.** **"Anti-Corpulene"** reduces the weight from 5 to **10** pounds per month, without injury. **"Wilcox's Female Pills"** warranted safe, speedy and effectual. Price $1. Send 6c. stamps for particulars. WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., 603 Spruce street, Philadelphia.

$15.00 IN GOLD

Given away to the person sending me the greatest number of names of *deaf* persons. Each list must be accompanied by affidavit that the names are of *living deaf* people. Competition closed June 1st, after which prize will be awarded. Address
H. C. ERNST, Lock Box 1351, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Bevel Edge Cards, designs for **1884.** Send 10c. for **50** Chromo Cards with name on; Latest yet. Agents say: "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and full outfit 25c. Quickest returns. Give us a trial order. **Clinton & Co.** North Haven, Ct.

RUPTURE! Cured by Dr. J. B. MAYER, 831 Arch St., Phila. Entirely cured me from severe rupture. Geo. Lochel, 2233 Philip St. Sworn before me Jan. 26, '83, W. P. Becker, Magis. Ct. 14, Phila.

The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York.

25 Easter Cards Beautiful in design, fine colors, and elegant finish sent free by mail on receipt of **15cts. William M. Donaldson & Co.**, 113 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

50 Chromo Cards, best in the market, with name 10c. "Beautiful Decalcomanie Album" with 150 Pictures, 25 cents; 5 for $1.00.
CARD CO., Cheshire, Conn.

SILK PATCHWORK made easy. Blocks of all sizes in 100 Elegant styles. Send 4 3c. stamps for Samples. **Gem Silk Co.**, New Haven, Ct.

40 HORSESHOE, HAND and BOQUET, CHROMO CARDS, Name on, 10 cents.
C. W. BROOKS, Jamaica, Vermont.

50 Large Chromos, new and pretty as ever published, Name on, 10c. Vann & Co., New Haven, Conn.

Correspondence.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

MARGARET, (Newport, N. J.)—We advise you to have nothing to do with the affair. Your writing is good.

BILLY, (Phila., Pa.)—You can get what you want in any hardware store. It would make quite an improvement.

M. P., (Camden, N. J.)—To cure ingrowing toe-nails, cut as deep as you can in the centre of the edge of the nail, and place bits of cotton moistened with sweet oil under the outer sides and press them down as far as you can.

PHILOLOGIST, (Pike, Ga.)—French is the easiest language, if you only wish to get a smattering of it; German is the easiest, if you are willing to work hard, and really want thorough mastery; Spanish is the easiest to get a fair knowledge of for reading, writing and speaking.

AJAX, (Saratoga, N. Y.)—Capital punishment is the penalty for murder and other grave offences in every nation in Europe. The States of Iowa and Michigan have substituted for this penalty solitary confinement for life. Whether such an innovation operates satisfactorily or not we do not know.

MRS. E. W., (Posey, Ind.)—An action of replevin is one brought to recover possession of goods wrongfully taken or held by another. It is usually brought by a writ from the Court of Common Pleas addressed to the Sheriff. A deputy takes the goods and restores them to the claimant, the latter giving security to return them if the issue shall be determined against him in an action at law.

EMILE, (Vermillion, Ill.)—You do not tell us the reason why the young lady's mother refuses her consent to the marriage, but most probably she thinks she is too young. We think ourselves, that she would be much better fitted for a wife's duties, if she was at least twelve months older. Do not take any hasty step at present; if the mother believes that her daughter's future may be safely confided to you, she will no doubt give her consent at the proper time.

POST, (Albemarle, Va.)—A cheap cider may be made from raisins. Take fourteen pounds of them with the stalks. Wash them out in four or five waters, until the water remains clear. Then put them in a clean cask with the head out, and pour upon them six gallons of clear water, cover up, and let stand for ten days. Then rack it off into another clean cask, and in four or five days it will be fit for bottling. When it has been in the bottle one week it will be fit for use. The raisins may afterwards be used for vinegar.

HAMLET, (Calloway, Mo.)—A gentleman should not make a first call upon the ladies of the family of a newcomer without an introduction or an invitation. His lady friend, or kinswoman, may leave his card, and he may receive an invitation, verbal or written, to make the new acquaintance. Under such circumstances the usual formality of introduction may be made by his second visiting card, which he will send in to announce himself at the time of his call, provided he pays his respects to the new household unaccompanied by a common friend.

S. W., (New Castle, Ill.)—We are sorry, but we can give you no help. In the old Greek fable, the beautiful witch-maiden, who could stop the stars in their course, could not win the only thing in the world she wanted—the love of Jason; and if her modern sisters will give love unasked, they are not likely to be happier than the poor princess of Colchis. We can tell you, however, that you are much less in love than you think, and that when the right man comes, offering you love for love, you will look back, and wonder how you ever could have been such a little goose as to imagine that you cared so much about the young gentleman "who seems to be indifferent to you."

ARETHUSA, (Monroe, Wis.)—1. She might remark that the pleasure was mutual, or merely smile and bow. 2. If she were engaged to the gentleman with whom she was corresponding, she should not accept the company of other gentlemen. Otherwise, she would be at liberty to do as she pleased about it. 3. It would depend on how late it was. If it were reasonably early, it would be proper for her to ask him in. If it were late, she could ask him to call at some other time. The length of his stay, if he should be asked in, should be governed by the lateness of the hour, and other matters that enter into the fitness of things. No precise rule can be laid down for governing such affairs. A man must exercise discretion, tact, and common sense in these matters, or else he will be apt to make blunders.

CHARLIE, (New York, N. Y.)—As nearly as the reason can be put into the language of every day life it is this: There is only one possible relation between the attractive force—that is, the force that draws the planet to the sun—and the tangential force—that is, the force that impels it to fly off from its orbit, like a stone from a sling—which can cause the planet to describe a perfect circle, while there are an unlimited number of relations of these two forces which would cause the planet to describe an ellipse. Hence, although a planet might revolve in a circle, and although in point of fact the ellipses described are very near circles, yet the chances are unlimited against any planet describing an exact circle. The real "why" of the matter—why these laws are impressed on the planets—is beyond our experience, and is to us unknown and unknowable, unless we should receive higher faculties, or a revelation from higher beings.

SIXTEEN, (Cumberland, N. J.)—A marriage between youth and age is never justifiable. In wedded life there is no incompatibility like that which nature has placed between youth and age. The pleasures and pursuits of the young and old are not the same; and an old man makes a mistake when he thinks he can be an agreeable companion to a young woman. He has exhausted life. She has not begun to live hers. The parties and picnics, the croquet matches and boating excursions which make up her list of amusements, seem vain and frivolous to him. He would sit in a comfortable chair by the fire, read the evening paper, and have a game of chess or cribbage, while she would spend the same time in dancing, boating, or sitting in the moonlight on the piazza. He has seen the folly of such idle pleasures. She has yet to prove it. They have not a thought or sentiment in common; and she finds herself, at the last, a nurse instead of companion.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Read Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

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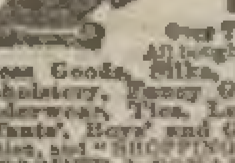

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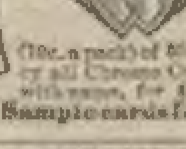

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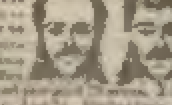

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